★ Aug. 9, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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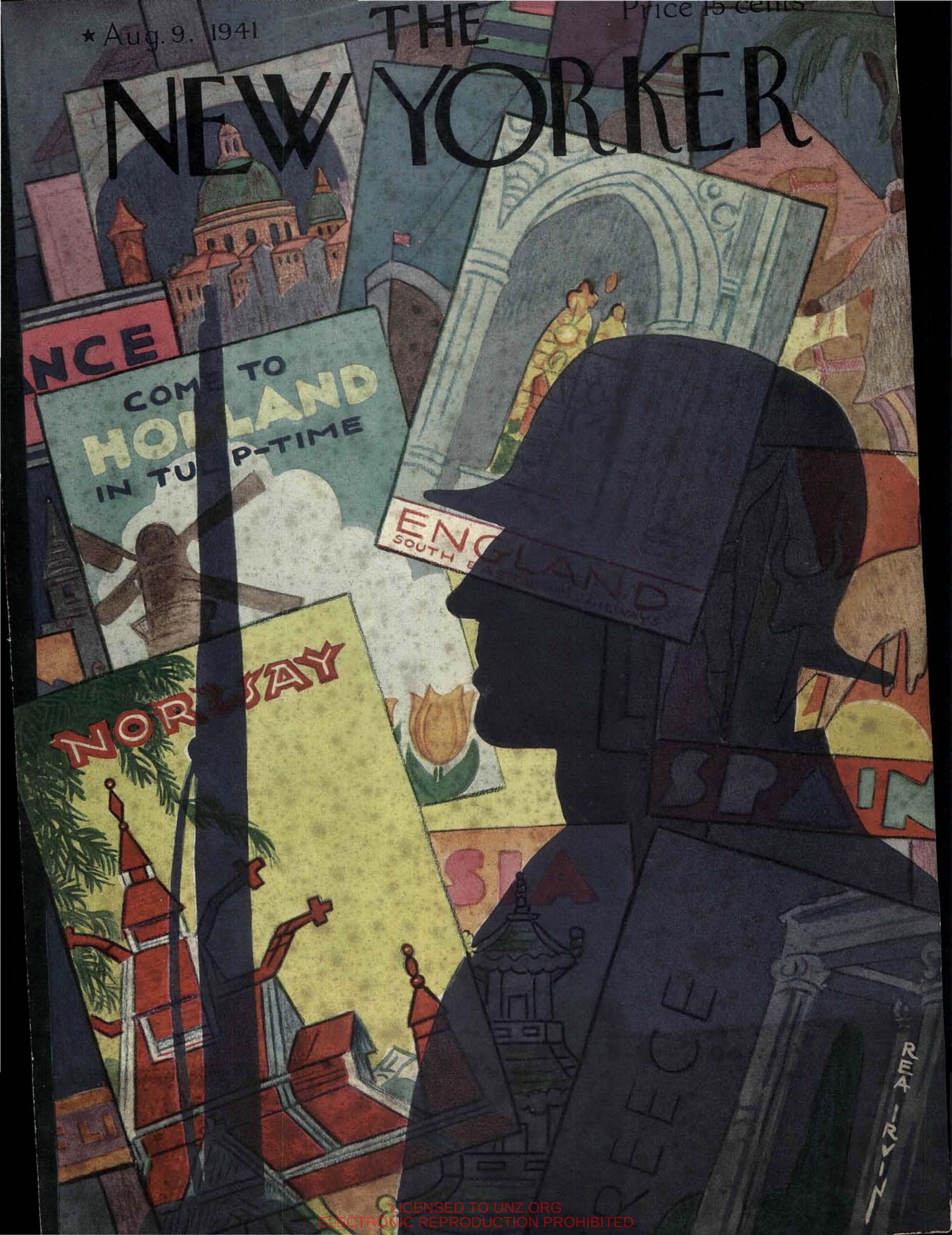

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant in Emlyn Williams' play about a teacher who discovers a genius. Richard Waring and Thelma Schnee are also in it. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—Something about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Agreeable enough in its childish way. With Alan Dinehart and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Watch on the Rhine—A family of refugees from Germany bring the great problems of today into an American household. Lillian Hellman's eloquent play has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin, with an exceptional cast headed by Paul Lukas, Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, and George Coulouris. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—One of Broadway's oldest institutions, in which Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton have taken over the Olsen and Johnson rôles. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50 CI 7-5161. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Last winter's big skating show is back again. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* character transplanted to a musical comedy in which he remains the perfect heel. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some superior songs by Rodgers and Hart. Gene Kelly and Vivienne Segal are prominent in the dirty work. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—An excellent musical comedy, with Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music and the cast includes Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

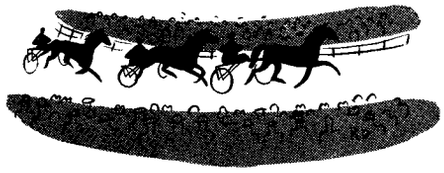
Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Aug. 7 and 9; "The Mikado," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Aug. 14 and 16; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A number of rural theatres are in the habit of planning only a week or so ahead, thereby accounting for the fact that not all of the following schedules are complete for the ten-day period with which this listing is concerned.)

Boothbay—Cornelia Otis Skinner in a group of her sketches: Mon. Aft. and Eve., Aug. 11, at 3 and 8:30. (Boothbay Playhouse, Boothbay, Me.)

Branford—Anita Louise in "The Swan": through Sat., Aug. 9. "Ghost Train": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 12-16. (Montowese Playhouse, Branford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 16. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Bridgehampton—"Fancy That": through Sat., Aug. 9. "Sixth Avenue": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 12-16. (Hampton Summer Theatre, Bridgehampton, L.I. 8:50.)

Cambridge—Ramon Novarro in "The Command to Love": through Sat., Aug. 9. Lenore Ulric in "Rain": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Cape May—"The Great Broxopp": through Sun., Aug. 10. "The Male Animal": Wed. through Sun., Aug. 13-17. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45.)

Cedarhurst—"George Washington Slept Here": through Sun., Aug. 10. Ann Corio in "The Barker": Tues. through Sun., Aug. 12-17. (New Central Theatre, Cedarhurst, L.I. At 9. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

Chatham—"Mr. and Mrs. North": through Sat., Aug. 9. "The Male Animal": Wed. through Sat., Aug. 13-16. (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Cohasset—Grace George in "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans": through Sat., Aug. 9. Conrad Nagel in "The Male Animal": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (South Shore Players, Town Hall, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Dennis—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in "Old Acquaintance": through Sat., Aug. 9. Luise Rainer and Ralph Forbes in "A Kiss for Cinderella": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Fri.)

East Hampton—"Main Street," a vaudeville show: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 15-16. (John Drew Memorial Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. At 9.)

Fitchburg—Fifi D'Orsay in "Little Miss Bluebeard": through Sat., Aug. 9. (Lake Whalom Theatre, Fitchburg, Mass. 8:20. Mats. 2:20, Sat.)

Glen Rock—Elsa Maxwell in "Our Betters": through Sat., Aug. 9. (Glen Rock Playhouse, Glen Rock, N.J. 8:40.)

Gloucester—Fritzi Scheff in "Ladies in Retirement": through Sat., Aug. 9. Elissa Landi in "Another Language": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Great Neck—"Lady of Letters": through Sat., Aug. 9. (Chapel Theatre, Great Neck, L.I. At 9.)

Guilford—Michael Whalen in "Separate Rooms": through Sat., Aug. 9. Fritzi Scheff in "Ladies in Retirement": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Ivoryton—"The Man Who Came to Dinner" through Sat., Aug. 9. Tallulah Bankhead in "Her Cardboard Lover": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

Kennebunkport—"Mister Antonio": through Sat., Aug. 9. "Brother Rat": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 12-16. (New Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Me. 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Thurs., Aug. 14.)

Litchfield—"Craig's Wife": through Sat., Aug. 9. "Here Today": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 12-16. (Apple Orchard Theatre, Litchfield, Conn. 8:45.)

Locust Valley—"Room Service": through Sat., Aug. 9. "Tovarich": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Red Barn Theatre, Locust Valley, L.I. At 9.)

Maplewood—Claudia Morgan, Clifton Webb, and Doris Nolan in "The Man Who Came to Dinner" through Sat., Aug. 9. Louise and Jean Platt in "Johnny Belinda": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Marblehead—Henry Hull in "Dear Brutus" through Sat., Aug. 9. Alexander Woollcott, Harpo Marx, and Fay Wray in "The Yellow Jacket" Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45 Wed.)

Martha's Vineyard—Haila Stoddard in "Skylark" through Sat., Aug. 9. (Playhouse, East Chop, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30.)

Matunuck—Ann Corio and William Harrigan in "The Barker": through Sat., Aug. 9. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. 8:40. Mats. at 3 Thurs.)

Millburn—"The Mikado": through Sat., Aug. 9 and Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 14-16. "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury": Mon. through Wed., Aug. 11-13. (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Mt. Kisco—"Mr. and Mrs. North": through Sat., Aug. 9. "Here Today": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40.)

New Hope—Katherine Locke in "The Primrose Path": through Sat., Aug. 9. Jane Pickens in Lehman Engel's new arrangement of "The Beggar's Opera": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

New Milford—"Three-Cornered Moon": through Sat., Aug. 9. "Rope": Wed. through Sat., Aug. 13-16. (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. 8:45.)

Newport—Erin O'Brien-Moore in "The Little Foxes": through Sat., Aug. 9. "Mr. and Mrs. North": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 12-16. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues. Eves. at 9; other Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Ogunquit—Conrad Nagel in "The Male Animal" through Sat., Aug. 9. Buddy Ebsen in "The Poor Nut": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30 Thurs. and Fri.)

Pawling—Anna Sten in "Nancy's Private Affair" through Sun. Aug. 10. Francis Lederer in "No Time for Comedy": Tues. through Sun., Aug. 12-17. (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. 8:30. Mats. at 3, Thurs. and Sat.)

Peterborough—"Charley's Aunt": through Sat., Aug. 9. "Ladies of the Jury": Wed. through Sat., Aug. 13-16. (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. 8:40.)

Provincetown—"The Vortex": through Sat., Aug. 9. "The Emperor Jones": Mon. through Wed., Aug. 11-13. "The Playboy of the Western World" Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 14-16. (Artists Theatre, Provincetown, Mass. 8:30.)

Roslyn—"Dracula": through Sat., Aug. 9. "Sout of Broadway": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. 8:50.)

Rye Beach—"The Little Foxes": through Sat., Aug. 9. "Ten-Minute Alibi": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 12-16. (Farragut Playhouse, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—C. Aubrey Smith in "Old English": through Sun., Aug. 10. (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. At 9. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sun.)

Sayville—"Meet the Wife": through Sat., Aug. 9. "Walk Into My Parlor": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 12-16. (Sayville Playhouse, Sayville, L.I. 8:45.)

Skowhegan—"Ladies in Retirement": through Sat., Aug. 9. "The Male Animal": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. At 8. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

Stockbridge—Tallulah Bankhead in "Her Cardboard Lover": through Sat., Aug. 9. Eva Le Gallienne in "Hedda Gabler": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:4

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Mats. 2:30, Wed.; special Mat. Sat., Aug. 9.)

STONY CREEK—"Nothing but the Truth": through Sat., Aug. 9. Sam Byrd in "Blind Alley": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Stony Creek Theatre, Stony Creek, Conn. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.)

SUFFERN—Florence MacMichael in "Out of the Frying Pan": through Sat., Aug. 9. Violet Heming in "Old Acquaintance": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. 8:40.)

WESTBORO—"Out of the Frying Pan": through Sat., Aug. 9. C. Aubrey Smith in "Old English": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

WESTPORT—Ilka Chase and Dennis King in "Love in Our Time": through Sat., Aug. 9. Tyrone Power and Annabella in "Liliom": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WHITE PLAINS—Diana Barrymore in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines": through Sat., Aug. 9. Buster Keaton in "The Gorilla": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.; special Mat. Sat., Aug. 9.)

WOODSTOCK—"The Wind and the Rain": through Sun., Aug. 10. Frank Thomas, Sr., and Frankie Thomas in "Concert Tour," a new play by the elder Mr. Thomas and Henry Moritz: Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 14-17. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. 8:45.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—An attractive warm-weather spot, with Jules Lande's orchestra.

CAFÉ PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Bob Knight's orchestra plays for dancing in this ingratiating place, where people like to get together in the evening—early or late.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeable retreat for a midsummer night in town, with Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO BEACH, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Felix Ferry has closed up the Monte Carlo for the season and moved away—or, rather, just next door—to this new summer house of his. John Kirby's orchestra.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The present show, with table-tennis exhibitions by Ruth Aarons and Sandor Glanz and magic by Russell Swann, will be replaced by a new one on Wed., Aug. 13. At the same time, Barry Winton's orchestra will be succeeded by Ozzie Caswell's. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is playing in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof has Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Howard Lally's orchestra plays for dancing in the Café Lounge.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Music by Sonny Kendis's orchestra.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with a touch of Broadway about it. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays for dancing on the Starlight Roof and also for the show there.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive, small retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy's corps of entertainers, headed by Betty Bryant, is carrying on while she's away. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with such expert Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, Kenneth Spencer, and Eddie South's orchestra. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Will Bradley's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **BILTMORE ROOF**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Heatherton's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . **BOSSERT MARINE ROOF**, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): the view of the harbor almost makes you forget the trip. Bobby Parks' orchestra; no dancing Mon. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual, low-ceilinged cellar spot, with some Calypso singers. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): quite a lot of South American carryings-on, including the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Joe E. Howard, Nita Naldi, and Carlyle Blackwell.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Helena Horne, Art Tatum, and Teddy Wilson's band. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

AL-FRESCO—A couple of places where the dance floor is practically out under the trees: **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954), and **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600).

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—Ben Marden's **RIVIERA**, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Pancho's orchestra and a show which includes Hal Le Roy. . . . **WESTCHESTER BATH CLUB**, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Ernie Holst's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **GLEN ISLAND CASINO**, New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-4480): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **BOARDWALK CAFÉ**, Jones Beach, L.I. (Wantagh 1600): the McFarland Twins' orchestra. . . . **CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Mace Irish's orchestra. . . . **MEADOWBROOK**, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Sonny Dunham's orchestra. Closed Mon.

FURTHER OUT OF TOWN—At **CANOE PLACE INN**, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150): Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **NEW PROSPECT HOTEL**, Shelter Island Heights, L.I. (Shelter Island 65): a small orchestra plays for dancing. . . . **SEVEN PONDS INN**, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): Cyril Mansfield's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **MONMOUTH HOTEL**, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra. . . . **PERONA FARM**, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **ROSS FENTON FARM**, Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra. . . . **SEA BRIGHT YACHT CLUB**, Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Charlie Murray's orchestra. . . . **ARROWHEAD INN**, Saratoga Springs: Ted Straeter's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show which includes Hildegarde and Georges and Jalna. . . . **PIPING ROCK**, Saratoga Springs: Emil Coleman's orchestra and a show with Adelaide Moffett and Joe E. Lewis.

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LARRY ADLER,

who will appear as soloist (harmonica, of course) with the Philharmonic this Saturday at the Lewisohn Stadium. This will be his seventh appearance as a soloist with a symphony group. He'd like to get into concert work for good and forget night clubs, and may team up this autumn with Paul Draper, the tap-dancer, who has similar aspirations. Adler signs his letters "The Verch"—short for virtuoso.

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DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Some agreeable objectives for summer motorists (dancing only when indicated)—**BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . **BROOKHAVEN, L.I.**: Brook House (Bellport 394). . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.**: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170). . . . **HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Dahlstrom's Green Tree Lodge (Huntington 1838). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . **MANHASSET, L.I.**: Mori's (Manhasset 1842). . . . **MONTAUK, L.I.**: Gurney's Inn (Montauk Point 2345). . . . **OAKDALE, L.I.**: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889). . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016), dancing nightly, except Mon. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill Restaurant (Huntington 1371). . . . **STONY BROOK, L.I.**: Three Village Inn (Stony Brook 575). . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Stockholm (Syosset 1749), dancing nightly, except Mon.; and Villa Victor (Syosset 1706). . . . **WESTHAMPTON, L.I.**: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841). . . . **AMAWALK, N.Y.**: Benedusi's (Yorktown 984). . . . **COLD SPRING, N.Y.**: Harbor Hill Inn (Cold Spring 975). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.**: Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 978). . . . **HAWTHORNE, N.Y.**: Valley View Farm Inn (Pleasantville 120). . . . **MT. KISCO, N.Y.**: Lawrence Farms Inn (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . **NEW CITY, N.Y.**: French Farms (New City 981). . . . **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371). . . . **BRIDGEWATER, CONN.**: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548). . . . **LIME ROCK, CONN.**: Lime Rock Lodge (Lakeville 455). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . **REDDING RIDGE, CONN.**: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 882), dancing Sat. Eves.; and La Bretagne (Ridgefield 899). . . . **SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.**: Dorlon's Shore House (Norwalk 8-9898). . . . **SOUTHPORT, CONN.**: Tide Mill Tavern (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330), dancing nightly, except Sun. and Mon.; and Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **ALPINE, N.J.**: Le Petit Pavillon Royal (Closter 788). . . . **BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.**: Old Mill Inn (Bernardsville 70). . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.**: Red Coach Tavern (Closter 606). . . . **DOYLESTOWN, PA.**: Water Wheel Tavern (Doylestown 7941).

ART

AMERICANS—At the **FINE ARTS**, 215 W. 57: a big show, with eleven of the major galleries in the city represented by works of their artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 22. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS'**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: works by Curry, Grosz, Raphael Soyer, and other members of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 5. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: paintings by Bellows, Brook, Eilshemius, Henri, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 9. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: an exhibition of water colors by Waldo Peirce, Jacob Getlar Smith, Doris Rosenthal, and others. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 29. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Sloan, Glackens, Luks, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 5.

EUROPEAN—Paintings, tapestries, and sculptures, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, with the paintings holding most of the interest: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 29.

GROUPS—At the **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: a curiously unfinished Cézanne heads a number of works by Werner Drewes, Chagall, and other moderns. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Aug. 29. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: paintings of the Hudson River by several artists, including Harold Baumbach and John C. Pellew. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 29. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: attractive oils by Herman Maril and Joseph De Martini, among others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 29. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 38 E. 57: group show of oils, water colors, and etchings by Higgins, Eilshemius, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 29. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: paintings by British and American artists and recent photographs of London by Cecil Beaton. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 22.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—A large exhibit of etchings, dry points, and lithographs by Whistler, from the Museum's permanent collection (through Sept. 30); also, paintings and sculptures by members of the WPA Art Project (through Sept. 1). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—"Britain at War," an exhibition of posters, cartoons, photographs, and paintings, showing what English artists are doing (through Sept. 14); twenty-four Picassos (through Sept. 7); also, recent acquisitions of fantastic art, dada and surrealism (through Sept. 26). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

STUART—An exhibit of eight portraits, mostly of American subjects: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 29.

OUT OF TOWN—Some galleries and museums worth visiting while off on vacation trips: HARTFORD, CONN., Wadsworth Athenaeum. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . NEW HAVEN, CONN., Yale University Art Gallery. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . BRUNSWICK, ME., Bowdoin College Museum of Fine Arts. Weekdays 10 A.M. to *12 noon and 2 to 4 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 4 P.M.* . . . ANDOVER, MASS., Addison Gallery of American Art. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5 P.M. . . . CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Fogg Museum. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. . . . NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Smith College Museum of Art. Daily 2:30 to 4:30 P.M. . . . PITTSFIELD, MASS., Berkshire Museum. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . WORCESTER, MASS., Worcester Art Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . COOPERSTOWN, N.Y., New York State Historical Association. Daily 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. . . . PROVIDENCE, R.I., Museum of the Rhode Island School of Design. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.

Most of the art colonies round about have shows of one sort or another through the summer. Some that are perhaps particularly worth noting: MYSTIC, CONN., Mystic Art Gallery. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 5:30 P.M. . . . NIANTIC, CONN., the Attic. Fri., 2 to 9 P.M.; other days 2 to 5 P.M. . . . NORWALK, CONN., Silvermine Guild of Artists. Wed., 2 to 6 P.M.; other days 1 to 6 P.M. . . . OLD LYME, CONN., Lyme Art Association. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M. . . . OGUNQUIT, ME., Ogunquit Art Center. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M. . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS., Provincetown Art Association. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. and 7:30 to 9:30 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5:30 P.M. . . . ROCKPORT, MASS., Rockport Art Association. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M. . . . WOODSTOCK, N.Y., Woodstock Art Gallery. Weekdays 1 to 5:30 P.M.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony—Herman Adler conducting, Thurs., Aug. 7; Smallens conducting, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 8-9; Dixon conducting, Sun., Aug. 10; Smallens conducting, Mon. through Wed., Aug. 11-13 (final concert of the season). Soloists: Larry Adler, Aug. 9; Zimbalist, Aug. 11; Rubinstein, Aug. 13. (At 8:30. Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. AU 3-3400. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Central Park Mall, Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 8:30. . . . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 8:30.

OPERA—The Triboro Stadium Civic Opera Company in "Madama Butterfly," Sun. Eve., Aug. 10, at 8:30. (Triboro Stadium, Randalls Island. For tickets, call BR 9-1000.)

OUT OF TOWN—The BERKSHIRE SYMPHONIC FESTIVAL, Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting: Tanglewood, Route 183, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass., Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Aug. 7, 9, 14, and 16, at 8:30; Sun. Aft., Aug. 10, at 3:30; benefit concert for the United Service Organizations and the British War Relief Society, Fri. Aft., Aug. 15, at 5:30. . . . BENNINGTON FESTIVAL, College Theatre, Bennington, Vt.: Ralph Kirkpatrick, Sat. Afts., Aug. 9 and 16, at 4; Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman and their group, Sat., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., Aug. 9, 11, 13, and 15, at 9; Martha Graham and her company, Sun., Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., Aug. 10, 12, 14, and 16, at 9. . . . COLONY OPERA GUILD, presenting "Così fan tutte," Fri. Eve., Aug. 8, at 8:45; Act II of "Faust" and Act I of "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., Aug. 15, at 8:45: Wikiosco Barn Theatre, Bolton Rd., Lake George, N.Y. . . . GORDON STRING QUARTET: Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 4, and Wed. Aft., Aug. 13, at 3:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Mon. and Tues. Afts., Aug. 11-12, at 3; Yankees vs. Washington, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Aug. 13-14, at 1:30 (doubleheaders); Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., Aug. 15, at 3, and Sat. Aft., Aug. 16, at 2:30. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sun. Afts., Aug. 8 and 10, at 3, and Sat. Aft., Aug. 9, at 2:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., Aug. 8, at 3, Sat. Aft., Aug. 9, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., Aug. 10, at 2:05 (doubleheader); Dodgers vs. Giants, Mon. and Tues. Afts., Aug. 11-12, at 3; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Wed. Eve., Aug. 13, at 8:45.

DOG SHOWS—Kennel Club of Ocean City, Ocean City, N.J., Sat., Aug. 9, at 10 A.M. . . . Mohawk Valley Kennel Club, Menands, near Albany, Sat., Aug. 16, at 10 A.M.

GOLF—Women's New York State Amateur, Siwanoy C.C., Bronxville, daily through Sat., Aug. 9, at 10 A.M. . . . Anderson Memorial Invitation Tournament, Winged Foot G.C., Mamaroneck, daily through Sun., Aug. 10, at 9 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Seawane Club, Hewlett, L.I., Fri. through Sun., Aug. 8-10, at 9 A.M. . . . Long Island Mixed Scotch Foursomes, Nassau C.C., Glen Cove, Wed., Aug. 13, at 9 A.M. . . . Sectional qualifying rounds for the National Amateur, Deepdale G.C., Great Neck, Thurs., Aug. 14, at 8:30 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, Fri. through Sun., Aug. 15-17, at 9 A.M.

HORSE SHOW—Litchfield, Conn., Sat., Aug. 9, at 9 A.M.

POLO—Twelve-goal tournaments at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5:30, and Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 3:30. . . . High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Westbury, Sun. Afts. at 3:30.

RACING—Weekdays at Saratoga Springs, at 2:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30. (The Saratoga Special and the Alabama, Aug. 9; the Spinaway and the Travers, Aug. 16.) The Saturday Special leaves Grand Central at 9:30 A.M., arriving at Saratoga at 1:30 P.M. Special plane leaves LaGuardia Airport weekdays at 11:30 A.M., connecting at Glens Falls with limousines which get you to the track at about 1:30 P.M.

SPEEDBOATS—Red Bank, N.J.: Gold Cup Race, Sat., Aug. 16, at 2:30 P.M.; National Sweepstakes Regatta, Sun., Aug. 17, at 2:55 P.M.

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester C.C., Rye, daily through Sun., Aug. 10, at 11 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Newport Casino, Newport, Mon. through Sat., Aug. 11-16, at 10 A.M.

TROTTING—Grand Circuit, Good Time Park, Goshen, N.Y., daily through Sat., Aug. 9, at 1:30 P.M. . . . Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., Eves. at 8:40, starting Mon., Aug. 11. Special train will leave Penn. Station at 7:24 P.M.

YACHTING—American Y.C. annual cruise ends at Shelter Island, Fri., Aug. 8. . . . Marblehead Race Week, Marblehead, Mass., daily through Sat., Aug. 9. . . . Cruising Club of America cruise ends at Casco Bay, Sun., Aug. 17. . . . Cornfield Lightship and Stratford Shoals Races, City Island Y.C., Sat., Aug. 16. . . . Championships on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Port Washington Y.C., Sat., Aug. 9; Huguenot Y.C., Sat., Aug. 16.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 16. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

MOTION PICTURES

FANTASIA—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse in a grand mixup which seems to be doing very well for itself even in the dog days. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra showing Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

KUKAN—The bombing of Chungking and life along the Burma Road as Rey Scott found them in his travels. Excellent. (World, 153 W. 49.)

THE LADY EVE—Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda and considerable lively byplay devised by Preston Sturges. A stimulant. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 10-12.)

LOVE CRAZY—Myrna Loy and William Powell in a bright comedy about a group of sufficiently unbalanced types. Quite lively. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., Aug. 7. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Aug. 9. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., Aug. 11. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 9-11. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., Aug. 13.)

MAN HUNT—Strenuous doings of spies and sportsmen in Germany and London just before the outbreak of the war. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon are particularly active. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 9-12. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 13-14.)

OUT OF THE FOG—Ida Lupino and John Garfield in a drama of life along the waterfront of Sheepshead Bay. From Irwin Shaw's play "The Gentle People." An exciting and stirring business. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 10-12. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. and Tues., Aug. 11-12.)

POT O' GOLD—Paulette Goddard and James Stewart in a modest comedy which can lull you along, anyhow. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 12-13.)

SERGEANT YORK—A magnificent picture of the last war, based on a diary of one of the great figures of that day. With Gary Cooper. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; also Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.; through Sun., Aug. 10. . . . Hollywood, B'way at 51; starting Mon., Aug. 11.)

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS—Sweetness and light in Technicolor, disseminated by a cast that merits your attention: Betty Field, Marjorie Main, Harry Carey, and James Barton. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., Aug. 12.)

UNDERGROUND—Gestapo drama, with Jeffrey Lynn and Philip Dorn, and without any soft-pedalling of the subject whatsoever. Grim but absorbing. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., Aug. 7. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Aug. 8. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Tues., Aug. 12. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 8-11.)

A WOMAN'S FACE—A curious, morbid experiment, and something new for Joan Crawford, who lets her face be seen distorted and wounded. Unusual and stirring. With Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt. (Normandie, Park at 53; and Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Aug. 7. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Sun., Aug. 10.)

ZIEGFELD GIRL—Showy, of course, with Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, and James Stewart. The grand old days of the "Follies." Routine but amusing. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 9-11.)

REVIVALS

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—Nonsense about divorce. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., Aug. 9. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 13-15.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 12-13. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 13-15.)

FOUR FEATHERS (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, with Technicolor. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Aug. 8.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Mon., Aug. 11. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Sat., Aug. 13-16.)

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (1939)—Basil Rathbone is Sherlock Holmes. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Mon., Aug. 11.)

KITTY FOYLE (1941)—Ginger Rogers as Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Tues., Aug. 8-12.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—The Hilton story with Ronald Colman and Margo. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., Aug. 9. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 13-15.)

THE MAD MISS MANTON (1938)—Murder and the Junior League. Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Aug. 11-12.)

REBECCA (1940)—Hitchcock's version of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Aug. 8.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 10-12.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 13-15.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Sat., Aug. 13-16.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES (1939)—Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, labor problems, and hurricanes. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 8-9.)

YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE (1937)—Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney as a fugitive jailbird and his girl. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., Aug. 7.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing early American, British, and European films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—THURS. AND FRI., AUG. 7-8: "The Mark of Zorro" (1920), with Douglas Fairbanks. SAT. AND SUN., AUG. 9-10: "Way Down East" (1920), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. MON. AND TUES., AUG. 11-12: "The Treasure of Arne" (1919) and "The Phantom Chariot" (1920), both Swedish films. WED. AND THURS., AUG. 13-14: "Destiny" (1921), German film. . . . A series of reticent and brief sketches of current life in England is presented every Wed. at 6:30 and 8:30 P.M.

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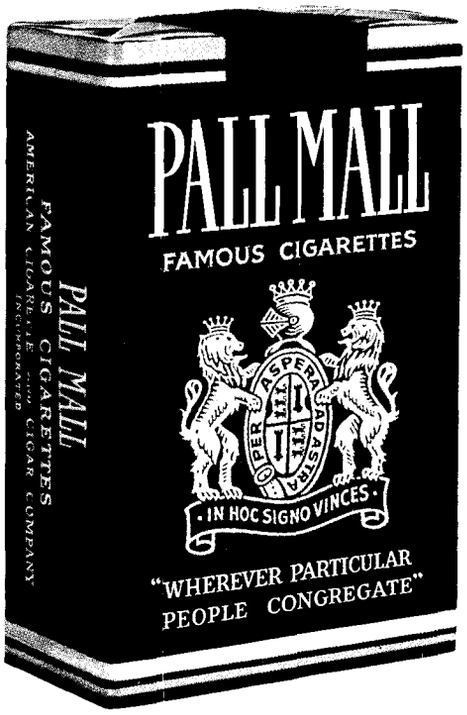

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OCCUPIED as many of us are these days with duties and chores which seem irrelevant, if not outlandish, it is helpful to know that, on the telephone at least, one can always hang up on oneself. For this suggestion we are indebted to a young career woman, a radio executive, whose natural charm has always been heightened in our eyes by the fact that she is unable to take herself seriously. She tells us that she was talking to the boss of an advertising agency on the telephone the other day, pouring into his willing ear her arguments as to why his agency should persuade one of its clients to become the sponsor of a certain radio program she had just thought up. "Furthermore," she said to the advertising man, "there is the enormous daytime women's audience, and the appeal this program will unquestionably have for millions of"—at which point she impatiently hung up on herself and went out and bought a hat. It is a memorable gesture, one to have ready at the moment the mists lift and we see ourselves sitting solemnly with a silly gadget in our hand, talking away, unmindful of both Lilly Daché and eternity.

IT is late, we know, for us to comment on the occupation of Iceland, but, to tell the truth, we kept thinking it was going to turn out to be some kind of jest and we didn't wish to be taken in. We got this idiotic impression from a photograph the *Times* published a few days after the occupation was announced, showing high Navy people and members of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee light-heartedly mulling over the situation. Senators Walsh, Davis, and Johnson were smiling, Senator Brewster and Admiral Stark were grinning, and Secretary of the Navy Knox was laughing like all hell. Since then we have made a study of other photographs coming up from Washington and have discovered that in nearly all of them responsible officials are smiling, grinning, or guffawing. Washington evidently feels that the public, not knowing any too much about what is going on, will be reassured as long as everybody down there manages to look amused. This is a matter of policy and maybe Government knows best. We envy the Civil War public, though, with the straight faces of Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman brooding

over the national emergency. Photographs of a present-day major general with a frankly worried look on his face, an admiral with his chin in his hand, and a Cabinet officer too busy to pose at all might be better than reassuring, might encourage the nation to pull itself together, in fact. As for the occupation of Iceland, our comment is that it seems to have been a good idea, but not funny.

ONE reason, of course, that current Washingtonians tend toward jocosity when being photographed is that no true American of this era wishes to seem to be a sobersides. You can question an American's ancestry, you can call him a Tory, a Red, a Republican, and even a Fascist without arousing him, but if you say he has no sense of humor you will have a fight on your hands. This is a curious thing when you consider that a man who is sure he has a sense of humor invariably turns out to possess nothing more notable than bad teeth. It may be that as a nation we are not so much in love with wit as we are buffaloed by it. Having just been reading a scientific document called "The Smileage Chart," which the magazine *Esquire* has got up for the guidance of its advertisers, we happen to be in a position to know how dangerous the pursuit of laughter can become. "The Smileage Chart" shows that *Esquire* contains 30.5% humor per issue and that *The New Yorker* contains 28.8% humor per issue. We never intended to be more than 15% funny at the outside, and there are going to be some changes made around here, you may be sure.

WE were surprised to find ourselves one recent afternoon having an altogether delightful time at a rural cocktail party attended almost exclusively by actors and actresses who had dropped in from the neighboring summer theatres. Coldly examining our contentment, we found that it sprang directly from the fact that there were plenty of seats and that instead of standing first on one foot and then on the other, as is the usual lot of a guest at a cocktail party, we had been able to take our pick of a great number of unoccupied chairs and couches. Stage people, we realized, do not

ever really want to sit down. If circumstances have forced them to get off their feet for a second, you may be sure they will leap up again as soon as they have thought of something to say. Our midsummer tip to fall and winter hostesses: always invite a dozen or so actors and actresses to stand up happily while the other guests gratefully relax.

THE measured prose of Thomas E. Dewey's "I shall not run for District Attorney" is certainly admirable, it being a truism that the shorter a politician's statement the better. Mr. Dewey's statement, however, is longer than Calvin Coolidge's "I do not choose to run." You would think that if Mr. Dewey had really put his mind on this matter he would have realized that he could take it for granted that people would know

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"It isn't that there aren't plenty of men in Vermont, it's just that you have to look for them."

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what it was he was not going to run for. "I shall not run" would have sounded gloriously historic and would have cut down Coolidge by two whole words. We won't be satisfied, anyway, until a politician, deciding not to run, calls in the newspaper reporters, shakes his head from side to side, and says, "Uh-uh," or simply grunts at them. Come to think of it, Mr. Dewey might very well have just looked at the reporters and rolled the old eyes.

Mixed Bag

WE trudged up Riverside Drive to 158th Street last Friday to take a gander at the aluminum collected in Manhattan in the recent defence drive. The accumulation from the borough's depots was piled up in a city warehouse under the viaduct there, in an imposing heap about twenty feet high and at least four times as broad. A Mr. Tony Guardino, in charge of the warehouse, told us that it was to be bid for by smelting companies, which would have to take it all in its present state, unsorted and ungraded. As soon as it's refined, the government will buy it back. The Manhattan drive brought in 57,260 pounds, which will probably assay about ninety-five per-cent aluminum; inevitably, people tossed in pewter, iron, tin, and even a few pieces of sterling tableware.

It surprised us to see so many new pieces of aluminum kitchenware in the heap. Guardino said that some pieces still bore labels, and must have been boug especially for the collection by pat otic folk who happened to have no al minum scrap about. Another possible e planation is that there were parties which the guests had to bring a piece aluminum for the collection. Kitche ware dominated the scene, but we we told of other things that turned up– an old auto-battered gate from the Tr borough Bridge, a confectioner's mixin vat, an artificial leg, vacuum-cleane parts, motor blocks from automobiles, a aluminum derby used to mute a danc band trumpet, fencers' chest guard milk cans, and some racing pigeons' le bands. As reported here and there by th public prints, the heap of aluminum scra also included donations by august pe sonages: privately recorded records fro Kitty Carlisle and aluminum plates fro Bill Robinson's tap shoes. There we also thirty-eight thousand whiskey-bott caps from Mexico. The nicest thing tha we actually saw was a thin sheet of alu minum on which was printed this fa miliar, dulcet sentiment: "O Sant Claus. Thank God he lives and lives fo ever. A thousand years from now, Vi ginia, nay ten times ten thousand yea from now, he will continue to make gla the heart of childhood."

Command

THE Hollywood scriptwriters ar doing their best to adjust them selves to the crisis, but there are, inevit ably, some loose ends. One fello turned in a script about submarine com bat, in the course of which a submarin commander, catching sight of th enemy, barks, "All hands on deck We're going to submerge!"

Chinese Luck

JUST about a year ago we reporte in these columns on the sudden blos soming of a Chinese evergreen plant, o *Mon Nin Ching*, at the Dragon Inn o West Fourth Street, an event which, ac cording to ancient Oriental tradition occurs once every ten thousand year and brings terrific good luck to all wh gaze upon the flower. We ourself saw i then and have had only what we regar as middling luck since, but on checkin with the proprietor of the Dragon Inn Richard Wong, when we were dow near there one night last week, w learned that we are the exception. H personally has fared much better. "Ev erything has been wonderful," he tol us, in fact, with a grateful glance at a

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framed photograph of the plant which he has hung conspicuously on a wall of his restaurant. The evergreen itself died during the winter, a victim of Occidental steam heat, and Mr. Wong gave it a simple burial, tossing it into a garbage can along with bits of left-over chow mein. Business, he said, has been sensational this past year. Mrs. Wong, who had been ailing for several months prior to the Flowering on West Fourth Street, has been in the best of health ever since. Several of the Wongs' friends have obtained excellent jobs. The waiters at the Inn have enjoyed good health and overwhelming good luck, notably at games of chance. "Very unusual," commented Mr. Wong, adding that in his wide circle of acquaintances he could think of not a single instance of bad luck lately. "As long as I live, I'll have good luck," he said gaily.

Hazard

A LITTLE girl we know became thoughtful while undressing for bed the other evening and asked her mother, "Mother, are there angels in my room?" The mother, somewhat choked up at this dewy-eyed innocence, answered that there were indeed angels in the room, that they were everywhere. The child nodded. "They bite?" she asked.

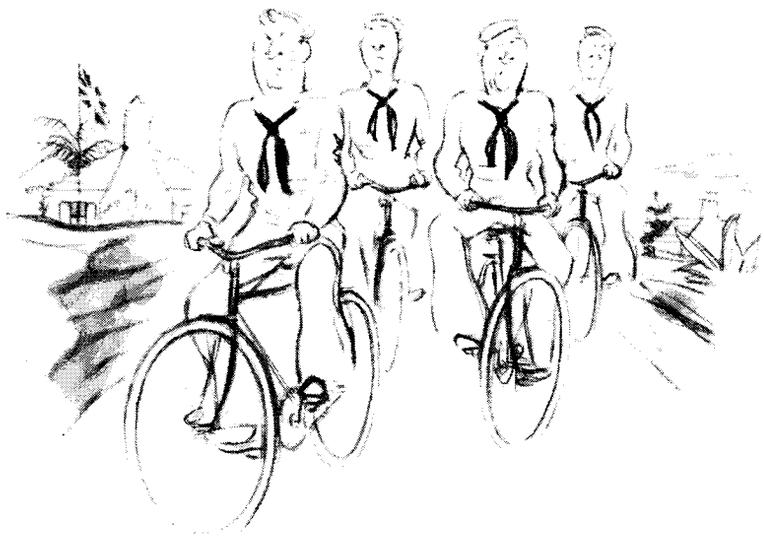
Jersey Ferret

IN our recent story about the town of Hillsborough, New Jersey, which has just slapped a thirteen-million-dollar assessment on the intangible assets of Doris Duke Cromwell, who maintains a country place there, we mentioned that the situation had been precipitated by a Mr. Alfred L. Kirby, bitterly described by Mrs. Cromwell's attorneys as "a tax ferret." Checking further on Mr. Kirby, we ran him to earth in a three-story house in Forest Hill, a suburb of Newark. He's personally unlike a ferret—white-haired and rather handsome. He sat us down in an easy chair on his front porch and told us first off that although he's a ferret, he is *not* an informer. "In this state, if insufficient inheritance tax is paid and a person after a certain time so informs the state, he receives a part of the recoverable monies. That person is called an informer," he said. "I'm not that." He thinks of himself as an investigator, but does not object to the term "tax ferret." "That implies one who keeps to his objective until he gets there," he says with satisfaction.

Up to four years ago, Mr. Kirby was a manufacturer of machinery used in sheet-metal work. Time hung heavy on his hands after his retirement, and he turned to taxation, first as a hobby and later as a profession. "Taxation and aviation seemed to be the coming fields," he explained blandly. Tax ferreting, as practiced by Mr. Kirby, is more or less of a gamble, though he minimizes the risk by studying his cases carefully before tackling them. Works this way: Kirby signs a contract with a Jersey municipality by which he gets a cut—usually between fifteen and twenty-five per cent—of all taxes collected as the result of his efforts, and then directs the cases entirely at his own expense, shelling out for legal fees, printing, investigation, and all incidentals. To date, he has rung the bell thirty times. One case resulted in the city of Plainfield collecting $85,000 from the Great Western Sugar Company of Colorado, a corporate resident. Mr. Kirby specializes in Jersey taxes. The facts that some two hundred and fifty businesses operating largely outside the state but incorporated in Jersey were paying no tax on their intangible assets, and that the United States Supreme Court has ruled that intangible assets are taxable where the owner resides, struck a spark inside Mr. Kirby, and the rest is history. Kirby tax cases involving twenty-six million dollars are now pending, on appeal, in the State Supreme Court. Thirteen million of this sum is claimed from Mrs. Cromwell and affiliated corporations, and the Public Service Corporation, in Newark, is lightly sweating at the prospect of having to fork over ten million. The decisions will be handed down in September, Mr. Kirby expects. He is loafing away the intervening time at his summer place in Belmar, full of confidence. It's a happy life, that of a tax ferret.

Still Alarm

THE barn of a Connecticut country gentleman caught fire the other night and he put in a telephone call, which resulted, not too much later, in the arrival of the local volunteer fire company. The volunteers assembled their hose and looked around for the nearest water supply, which turned out to be a pond about two hundred yards away from the barn. The hose just wouldn't quite reach, and there was nothing to do but for everybody to stand around and watch the barn burn to the ground. When it had finally subsided into a cozy mass of embers, the volunteers unscrewed their lengths of hose, restored them to their trucks, and prepared to leave. Before departing, the chief admonished our squire gently. "Next time anything catches fire out here," he said, "be sure to tell us to bring our long hose."



Railroaders

ARE you pushed around? Is industry a captain of you, instead of vice versa? If so, you might well spend an evening of readjustment at 115 East Ninety-fourth Street, where you can help direct the movement of a hundred and fifty lineal feet of railroad rolling stock over some three thousand feet of track. It's a scale-model proposition, of course. We went up there as

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soon as we heard about the place, which was opened in an old greenhouse last spring by Mr. W. B. Roulstone, Jr., who wanted a change from Wall Street, and Mr. Ted Mix, president of Magnamusic, Inc., which sells radios and phonographs. Admission, 50c an evening.

We got there easily enough, guided by a sign on a picket fence which encloses a garden of shrubs and the greenhouse, backed up against a neighboring building. In a small office we found Mr. Roulstone, a youngish man with the cheerful air of an independent operator. He told us that in person he had done just about all the wiring and track-laying, and related that he and Mr. Mix had thought of the idea when they were in the Birch Wathen School here in New York ten years ago, but only lately had got the urge and the capital actually to carry it out. Their investment is approximately $10,000. About half the rolling stock came from Macy's, who had picked it up from Railroads in Action at the World's Fair, and about half from the Lionel electric-train people.

While we were talking to Mr. Roulstone, six or seven train-fanciers drifted in for the evening's enjoyment. All were in their twenties or thirties and two of them were women. Two small boys put their heads in the door and said, "Mister, are you going to start the trains?" Mr. Roulstone said yes and headed for the tracks. The boys came inside and their elders took seats, one to a "station," of which there are twenty-four. A station is a switchboard with levers controlling the power and the switches in one section of trackage. There are about a hundred and ten feet of track for each station. The tracks are on planks which run waist-high around the sides of the greenhouse, and across occasional bridges in the centre, which you have to stoop under in moving about. In some places the tracks are three or four abreast and a stationmaster may find a whole flock of trains coming through his section at once. Fortunately, he can shut off all power while he sits back and figures things out. The evening we were there, the enthusiasts started off with eight trains, one of them a six-foot, six-car streamliner.

When the power was turned on and things got rolling, a red-headed gentleman generally called Franny, who, we learned, is a producer at N.B.C., sort of acted as general manager. "Don't block your intersection there!" he would call, and then warn one of the ladies, "Don't hold the inside track. That jams up their lines." Stationmasters were constantly leaping around to prevent wrecks and keep the cars from falling off the tracks.

We watched the trains roll for half an hour: a string of B. & O. boxcars, some Shell tank cars, Milwaukee Road sleepers, and so on. Mr. Roulstone came over and told us that President Williamson of the New York Central had been in one night and had a fine time, showing considerable aptitude. Mr. Roulstone figures that his and Mr. Mix's best season is going to be from November to March, when they plan to have four sessions a day. "After a while," he said, "we hope to have people asking, 'What'll it be this evening—a theatre, the Philharmonic, or trains?' "

Shopping News

B. ALTMAN'S, as we need hardly tell you, covers a whole city block and has entrances on all four sides. This was momentarily confusing to a lady who had just finished her B. Altman errands and wanted to go across the Avenue to Best's. She asked the nearest salesgirl where the front door was. "Altman's has always been proud of the fact that it has no front door," the girl said. The lady finally beat her way into the open at Thirty-fifth and Madison, and from there it was only a block to Best's.

In Lord & Taylor's, another lady, shopping for a lipstick, noticed on the counter a sign advertising a new perfume named Toute de Suite. She remarked to the girl who was waiting on her that the final "e" on "Toute" was wrong, if they had meant to use the French idiom for "right away." The girl yielded no ground. "As far as Lord & Taylor is concerned, the present spelling is correct," she said.

A National Industry

ALICE DUER MILLER is on our docket this week because she has two books in the current list of best-selling non-fiction—a totally unprecedented feat, as far as we know. The two book are, of course, "I Have Loved Eng land," a collection of photographs fo which Mrs. Miller wrote the caption and "The White Cliffs," a narrativ poem about an American woman wh as a matter of fact, loves England. " Have Loved England" is putterin along in sixth place in the non-fictio list. "The White Cliffs," though it ha been in print for more than ten month is in second place, only a bit behin Shirer's "Berlin Diary." A hundre and thirty thousand copies (twenty-on printings) have been sold. Other amaz ing adventures of this poem are its ap pearance, in condensed form, in Maga zine *Life* and in a Victor phonograp album, in a recording made by Lyn Fontanne. The *Times* has printed a editorial about it, and somebody ha bought the movie rights.

Just to give this success story th proper classic touch, "The White Cliffs was rejected by Simon & Schuste who published an earlier poetic effort o Mrs. Miller's, "Forsaking All Others. Coward-McCann liked it, however, an have liked it better with each successiv printing. The book was a sleeper; i.e it started out slowly, with no specia promotion by the publishers, and had totally unexpected success. The turnin point was October 13th when Lyn Fontanne read "The White Cliffs" o an N.B.C. hookup, evoking basketfu of fan mail. The broadcast was repeat ed two weeks later, and "The Whit Cliffs" was, as they say on Broadway *in*. One day in December it sold sev enteen hundred copies. The only oth er narrative poems that have had com parable sales are Stephen Vincent Benét "John Brown's Body" and Christophe La Farge's "Each to the Other." Bot of these, however, were Book of th Month selections; Mrs. Miller made the hard way.

The author is a tall, elderly lady wh is in private life the wife of Henry Wis Miller, a prosperous stockbroker. Mr and Mrs. Miller live in an apartmen overlooking the East River, right next t Noel Coward's New York apartmen Mrs. Miller is a charter member of th what-next set. Along with Alexande Woollcott, Harpo Marx, and seven oth ers, she is part owner of Neshobe Islan in Lake Bomoseen, Vermont, wher house guests pay $7.50 a day. She ha also acted in one of Hecht and Mac Arthur's Astoria-made films and is vociferous rooter for the New Yor Giants. Literary success is no novelt to Mrs. Miller. "Come Out of th

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"Isn't he cute? He's trying to tell us something."

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Kitchen," which she wrote in 1912, had a staggering career as a *Saturday Evening Post* serial, a book, a play, a musical comedy, and a movie. Recently she ran practically the same gamut with "Gowns by Roberta." This fall she's going to tour the lecture circuit, reading you know what. She's looking forward to this with pleasure. "All writers like to read their own work," she told us.

Surrender

ONE last hangover story, before everybody goes dry for the duration. A pair of severely stricken friends met for lunch in a little midtown table-d'hôte place, choked down a couple of whiskey sours each, and finally, with a good deal of doubt, ordered food. It remained untouched. Their waiter watched them with sympathy in his eyes, and at last poised in readiness to remove the plates. "Give up?" he asked.

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THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

THE night had just begun to get pale around the edges when the whip-poor-will began. Kinstrey, who slept in a back room on the first floor, facing the meadow and the strip of woods beyond, heard a blind man tapping and a bugle calling and a woman screaming "Help! Police!" The sergeant in gray was cutting open envelopes with a sword. "Sit down there, sit down there, sit down there!" he chanted at Kinstrey. "Sit down there, cut your throat, cut your throat, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!" And Kinstrey woke up.

He opened his eyes, but lay without moving for several minutes, separating the fantastic morning from the sounds and symbols of his dream. There was the palest wash of light in the room. Kinstrey scowled through tousled hair at his wristwatch and saw that it was ten minutes past four. "Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!" The bird sounded very near—in the grass outside the window, perhaps. Kinstrey got up and went to the window in his bare feet and looked out. You couldn't tell where the thing was. The sound was all around you, incredibly loud and compelling and penetrating. Kinstrey had never heard a whip-poor-will so near at hand before. He had heard them as a boy in Ohio in the country, but he remembered their call as faint and plaintive and faraway, dying before long somewhere between the hills and the horizon. You didn't hear the bird often in Ohio, it came back to him, and it almost never ventured as close to a house or barn as this brazen-breasted bird murdering sleep out there along the fence line somewhere. "Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will!" Kinstrey climbed back into bed and began to count; the bird did twenty-seven whips without pausing. His lungs must be built like a pelican's pouch, or a puffin or a penguin or pemmican or a paladin. . . . It was bright daylight when Kinstrey fell asleep again.

At breakfast, Madge Kinstrey, looking cool and well rested in her white piqué house coat, poured the coffee with steady authority. She raised her eyebrows slightly in mild surprise when Kinstrey mentioned the whip-poor-will the second time (she had not listened the first time, for she was lost in exploring with a long, sensitive finger an infinitesimal chip on the rim of her coffee cup).

"Whip-poor-will?" she said, finally. "No, I didn't hear it. Of course, my room is on the front of the house. You must have been slept out and ready to wake up anyway, or you wouldn't have heard it."

"Ready to wake up?" said Kinstrey. "At four o'clock in the morning? I hadn't slept three hours."

"Well, I didn't hear it," said Mrs. Kinstrey. "I don't listen for night noises; I don't even hear the crickets or the frogs."

"Neither do I," said Kinstrey. "It's not the same thing. This thing is loud as a fire bell. You can hear it for a mile."

"I didn't hear it," she said, buttering a piece of thin toast.

Kinstrey gave it up and turned his scowling attention to the headlines in the *Herald Tribune* of the day before. The vision of his wife sleeping quietly in her canopied four-poster came between his eyes and the ominous headlines. Madge always slept quietly, almost without moving, her arms straight and still outside the covers, her fingers relaxed. She did not believe anyone had to toss and turn. "It's a notion," she would tell Kinstrey. "Don't let your nerves get the best of you. Use your will power."

"Um, hm," said Kinstrey aloud, not meaning to.

"Yes, sir?" said Arthur, the Kinstreys' colored butler, offering Kinstrey a plate of hot blueberry muffins.

"Nothing," said Kinstrey, looking at his wife. "Did you hear the whip-poor-will, Arthur?"

"No, sir, I didn't," said Arthur.

"Did Margaret?"

"I don't think she did, sir," said Arthur. "She didn't say anything about it."

THE next morning the whip-poor-will began again at the same hour, rolling out its loops and circles of sound across the new day. Kinstrey, in his dreams, was beset by trios of little bearded men rolling hoops at him. He tried to climb up onto a gigantic Ferris wheel whose swinging seats were rumpled beds. The round cop with wheels for feet rolled toward him shouting, "Will power will, will power will, whip-poor-will!"

Kinstrey opened his eyes and stared at the ceiling and began to count the whips. At one point the bird did fifty-three straight, without pausing. I suppose, like the drops of water or the bright light in the third degree, this could drive you nuts, Kinstrey thought. Or make you confess. He began to think of things

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he hadn't thought of for years: the time he took the quarter from his mother's pocketbook, the time he steamed open a letter addressed to his father; it was from his teacher in the eighth grade. Miss—let's see—Miss Willpool, Miss Whippoor, Miss Will Power, Miss Wilmott—that was it.

He had reached the indiscretions of his middle twenties when the whip-poor-will suddenly stopped, on "poor," not on "will." Something must have frightened it. Kinstrey sat up on the edge of the bed and lighted a cigarette and listened. The bird was through calling, all right, but Kinstrey couldn't go back to sleep. The day was as bright as a flag. He got up and dressed.

"I thought you weren't going to smoke cigarettes before breakfast any more," said Madge later. "I found four stubs in the ashtray in your bedroom."

"This way, if we get caught we'll have public sentiment with us."

• •

It was no use telling her he had smoked them before going to bed; you couldn't fool Madge; she always knew. "That goddam bird woke me up again," he said, "and this time I couldn't get back to sleep." He passed her his empty coffee cup. "It did fifty-three without stopping this morning," he added. "I don't know how the hell it breathes."

His wife took his coffee cup and set it down firmly. "Not three cups," she said. "Not with you sleeping so restlessly the way it is."

"You didn't hear it, I suppose?" he said.

She poured herself some more coffee. "No," she said, "I didn't hear it."

Margaret hadn't heard it, either, but Arthur had. Kinstrey talked to them in the kitchen while they were clearing up after breakfast. Arthur said that it "wuk" him but he went right back to sleep. He said he slept like a log—must be the air off the ocean. As for Margaret, she always slept like a log; only thing ever kept her awake was people a-hoopin' and a-hollerin'. She was glad she didn't hear the whip-poor-will. Down where she came from, she said, if you heard a whip-poor-will singing near the house, it meant there was going to be a death. Arthur said he had heard about that, too; must have been his grandma told him, or somebody.

If a whip-poor-will singing near the house meant death, Kinstrey told them, it wouldn't really make any difference whether you heard it or not. "It doesn't make any difference whether you see the ladder you're walking under," he said, lighting a cigarette and watching the effect of his words on Margaret. She turned from putting some plates away, and her eyes widened and rolled a little.

"Mr. Kinstrey is just teasin' you, Mag," said Arthur, who smiled and was not afraid. Thinks he's pretty smart, Kinstrey thought. Just a little bit too smart, maybe. Kinstrey remembered Arthur's way of smiling, almost imperceptibly, at things Mrs. Kinstrey sometimes said to her husband when Arthur was just coming into the room or just going out—little things that were none of his business to listen to. Like "Not three cups of coffee if a bird keeps you awake." Wasn't that what she had said?

"Is there any more coffee?" he asked, testily. "Or did you throw it out?" He knew they had thrown it out; breakfast had been over for almost an hour.

"We can make you some fresh," said Arthur.

"Never mind," said Kinstrey. "Just don't be so sure of yourself. There's nothing in life to be sure about."

When, later in the morning, he started out the gate to walk down to the post office, Madge called to him from an upstairs window. "Where are you going?" she asked, amiably enough. He frowned up at her. "To the taxidermist's," he said, and went on.

He realized, as he walked along in the warm sunlight, that he had made something of a spectacle of himself. Just because he hadn't had enough sleep—or enough coffee. It wasn't his fault, though. It was that infernal bird. He discovered, after a quarter of a mile, that the imperative rhythm of the whip-poor-will's call was running through his mind, but the words of the song were new: fatal bell, fatal bell, fa-tal bell. Now, where had that popped up from? It took him some time to place it; it was a fragment from "Macbeth." There was something about the fatal bellman crying in the night. "The fatal bellman cried the livelong night"—something like that. It was an owl that cried the night Duncan was murdered. Funny thing to call up after all these years; he hadn't read the play since college. It was that fool Margaret, talking about the whip-poor-will and the old superstition that if you hear the whip-poor-will sing-

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ing near the house, it means there is going to be a death. Here it was 1941, and people still believed in stuff like that.

THE next dawn the dream induced by the calling of the whip-poor-will was longer and more tortured—a nightmare filled with dark perils and heavy hopelessness. Kinstrey woke up trying to cry out. He lay there breathing hard and listening to the bird. He began to count: one, two, three, four, five . . .

Then, suddenly, he leaped out of bed and ran to the window and began yelling and pounding on the windowpane and running the blind up and down. He shouted and cursed until his voice got hoarse. The bird kept right on going. He slammed the window down and turned away from it, and there was Arthur in the doorway.

"What is it, Mr. Kinstrey?" said Arthur. He was fumbling with the end of a faded old bathrobe and trying to blink the sleep out of his eyes. "Is anything the matter?"

Kinstrey glared at him. "Get out of here!" he shouted. "And put some coffee on. Or get me a brandy or something."

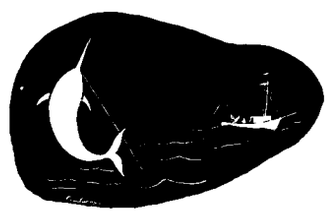
"I'll put some coffee on," said Arthur. He went shuffling away in his slippers, still half asleep.

"Well," said Madge Kinstrey over her coffee cup at breakfast, "I hope you got your tantrum over and done with this morning. I never heard such a spectacle—squalling like a spoiled brat."

"You can't hear spectacles," said Kinstrey, coldly. "You see them."

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," she said.

No, you don't, thought Kinstrey, you never have; never have, nev-er have, nev-er have. Would he ever get that damned rhythm out of his head? It struck him that perhaps Madge had no subconscious. When she lay on her back, her eyes closed; when she got up, they opened, like a doll's. The mechanism of her mind was as simple as a cigarette box; it was either open or it was closed, and there was nothing else, nothing else, nothing else . . .



THE whole problem turns on a very neat point, Kinstrey thought as he lay awake that night, drumming on the headboard with his fingers. William James would have been interested in it; Henry, too, probably. I've got to ignore this thing, get adjusted to it, become oblivious of it. I mustn't fight it, I mustn't build it up. If I get to screaming at it, I'll be running across that wet grass out there in my bare feet, charging that bird as if it were a trench full of Germans, throwing rocks at it, giving the Rebel yell or something, for God's sake. No, I mustn't build it up. I'll think of something else every time it pops into my mind. I'll name the Dodger infield to myself, over and over: Camilli, Herman, Reese, Lavagetto, Camilli, Herman, Reese . . .

Kinstrey did not succeed in becoming oblivious of the whip-poor-will. Its dawn call pecked away at his dreams like a vulture at a heart. It slowly carved out a recurring nightmare in which Kinstrey was attacked by an umbrella whose handle, when you clutched it, clutched right back, for the umbrella was not an umbrella at all but a raven. Through the gloomy hallways of his mind rang the Thing's dolorous cry: nevermore, nevermore, nevermore, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will . . .

ONE day, Kinstrey asked Mr. Tetford at the post office if the whip-poor-wills ever went away. Mr. Tetford squinted at him. "Don't look like the sun was brownin' you up none," he said. "I don't know as they ever go away. They move around. I like to hear 'em. You get used to 'em."

"Sure," said Kinstrey. "What do people do when they can't get used to them, though—I mean old ladies or sick people?"

"Only one's been bothered was old Miss Purdy. She darn near set fire to the whole island tryin' to burn 'em out of her woods. Shootin' at 'em might drive 'em off, or a body could trap 'em easy enough and let 'em loose somewheres else. But people get used to 'em after a few mornings."

"Oh sure," said Kinstrey. "Sure."

That evening in the living room, when Arthur brought in the coffee, Kinstrey's cup cackled idiotically in its saucer when he took it off the tray.

Madge Kinstrey laughed. "Your hand is shaking like a leaf," she said.

He drank all his coffee at once and looked up savagely. "If I could get one good night's sleep, it might help," he said. "That damn bird! I'd like to wring its neck."

"Oh come, now," she said, mockingly. "You wouldn't hurt a fly. Remember the mouse we caught in the Westport house? You took it out in the field and let it go."

"The trouble with you—" he began, and stopped. He opened the lid of a cigarette box and shut it, opened and shut it again, reflectively. "As simple as that," he said.

She dropped her amused smile and spoke shortly. "You're acting like a child about that silly bird," she said. "Worse than a child. I was over at the Barrys' this afternoon. Even their little Ann didn't make such a fuss. A whip-poor-will frightened her the first morning, but now she never notices them."

"I'm not frightened, for God's sake!" shouted Kinstrey. "Frightened or brave, asleep or awake, open or shut—you make everything black or white."

"Well," she said, "I like that."

"I think the bird wakes you up, too," he said. "I think it wakes up Arthur and Margaret."

"And we just pretend it doesn't?" she asked. "Why on earth should we?"

"Oh, out of some fool notion of superiority, I suppose. Out of—I don't know."

"I'll thank you not to class me with the servants," she said coldly. He lighted a cigarette and didn't say anything. "You're being ridiculous and childish," she said, "fussing about nothing at all, like an invalid in a wheel chair." She got up and started from the room.

"Nothing at all," he said, watching her go.

She turned at the door. "Ted Barry says he'll take you on at tennis if your bird hasn't worn you down too much." She went on up the stairs, and he heard her close the door of her room.

He sat smoking moodily for a long time, and fell to wondering whether the man's wife in "The Raven" had seen what the man had seen perched on the pallid bust of Pallas just above the chamber door. Probably not, he decided. When he went to bed, he lay awake a long while trying to think of the last line of "The Raven." He couldn't get any farther than "Like a demon that is dreaming," and this kept running through his head. "Nuts," he said at last, aloud, and he had the oddly disturbing feeling that it wasn't he who had spoken but somebody else.

KINSTREY was not surprised that Madge was a little girl in pigtails and a play suit. The long gray hospital room was filled with poor men in will chairs, running their long, sensitive fingers around the rims of empty coffee

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"We couldn't help hearing!"

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cups. "Poor Will, poor Will," chanted Madge, pointing her finger at him. "Here are your spectacles, here are your spectacles." One of the sick men was Arthur, grinning at him, grinning at him and holding him with one hand, so that he was powerless to move his arms or legs. "Hurt a fly, hurt a fly," chanted Madge. "Whip him now, whip him now!" she cried, and she was the umpoor in the high chair beside the court, holding a black umbrella over her head: love thirty, love forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four. His feet were stuck in the wet concrete on his side of the net and Margaret peered over the net at him, holding a skillet for a racquet. Arthur was pushing him down now, and he was caught in the concrete from head to foot. It was Madge laughing and counting over him: refer-three, refer-four, refer-five, refer-will, repoor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will . . .

The dream still clung to Kinstrey's mind like a cobweb as he stood in the kitchen in his pajamas and bare feet, wondering what he wanted, what he was looking for. He turned on the cold water in the sink and filled a glass, but only took a sip, and put it down. He left the water running. He opened the breadbox and took out half a loaf wrapped in oiled paper, and pulled open a drawer. He took out the bread knife and then put it back and took out the long, sharp carving knife. He was standing there holding the knife in one hand and the bread in the other when the door to the dining room opened. It was Arthur. "Who do you do first?" Kinstrey said to him, hoarsely. . . .

THE Barrys, on their way to the beach in their station wagon, drove into the driveway between the house and the barn. They were surprised to see that, at a quarter to eleven in the morning, the Kinstrey servants hadn't taken in the milk. The bottle, standing on the small back porch, was hot to Barry's touch. When he couldn't rouse anyone, pounding and calling, he climbed up on the cellar door and looked in the kitchen window. He told his wife sharply to get back in the car. . . .

The local police and the state troopers were in and out of the house all day. It wasn't every morning in the year that you got called out on a triple murder and suicide.

It was just getting dark when Troopers Baird and Lennon came out of the front door and walked down to their car, pulled up beside the road in front of the house. Out in back, probably in the little strip of wood there, Lennon figured, a whip-poor-will began to call. Lennon listened a minute. "You ever hear the old people say a whip-poor-will singing near the house means death?" he asked.

Baird grunted and got in under the wheel. Lennon climbed in beside him. "Take more'n a whip-poor-will to cause a mess like that," said Trooper Baird, starting the car. —JAMES THURBER

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COLLEGE woman 51 (masked looks 16) skilled modiste, exc. cook, no religion, talks (sense) endlessly, desires adoption by open-minded family any size. Rural O.K. No pay. Swap toil for fun and laughter. Box D-292, Times.—*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times.*

You provide your own mask, of course?

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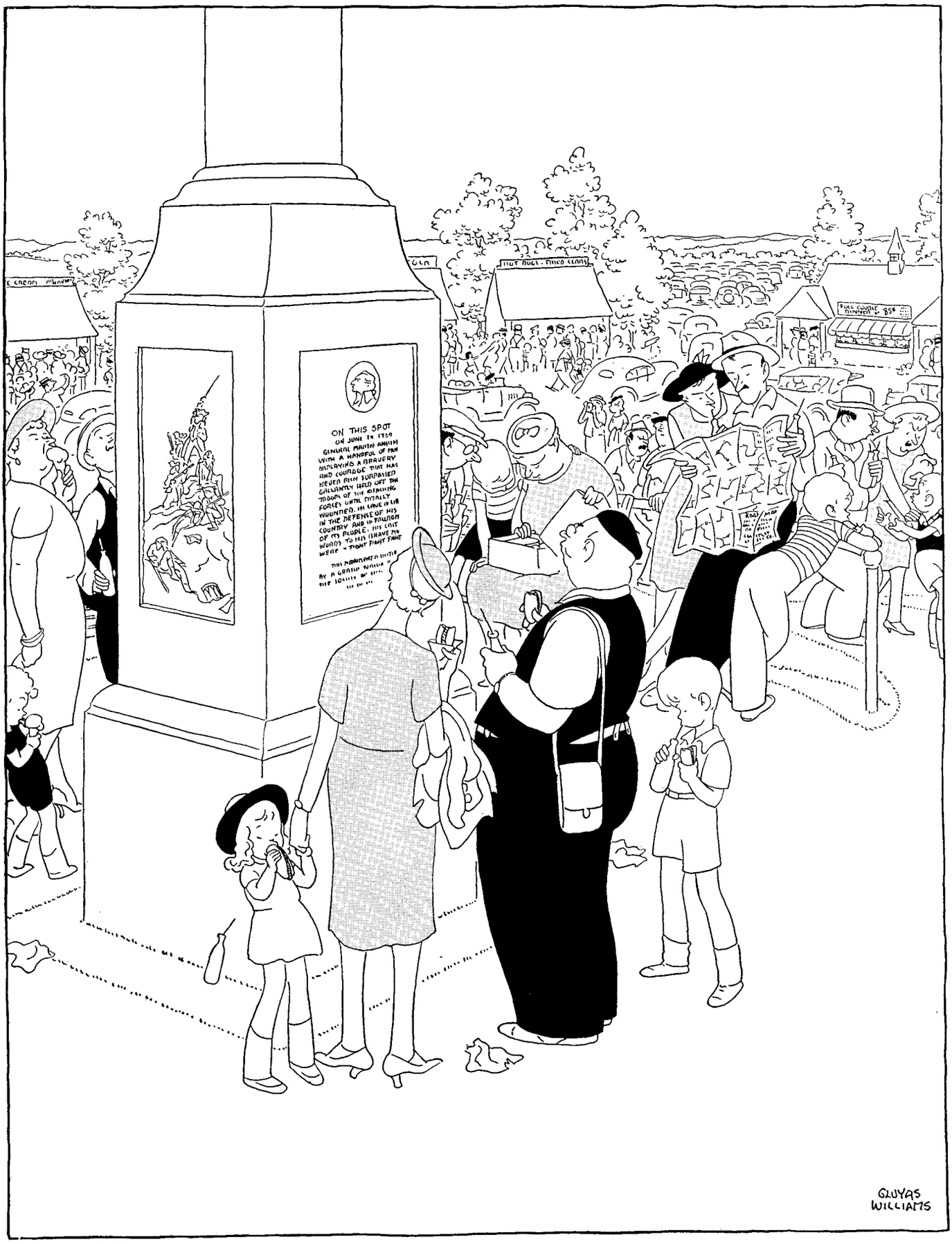

THE INNER MAN

Historic Shrine

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OUT OF MY HAPPY PAST

WHEN I was young there were two things that I lived for. One was music and the other was advice. In the matter of music I was fairly eclectic; I liked listening to it, performing it, and composing it. In the matter of advice my tastes were purer; I only liked giving it and, to interest me, it had to be uncontaminatedly my own.

If the young are sufficiently single-hearted, they can generally get what they want. By the time I was twenty-four, I had the trustees of the late Mr. Andrew Carnegie paying me one hundred and fifty pounds a year for keeping up my interest in English church music of the sixteenth century and an attentive circle of young friends calling at my flat in London for advice and guidance. I had a considerable clientele of the middle-aged also, but it was the young I really valued. Though the passage of years—my two dozen long years—had disillusioned me, I was still young at heart.

Of all the young people who came to me for advice, Billy Williams came oftenest, came most urgently, and was most welcome. He had a great deal of temperament and a great deal of intellect; it was gratifying to have such a brilliant creature relying on me, the more so since he could argue the hind leg off a donkey (the only trait, I suppose, he derived from his father, who was a K.C.). I had first met Billy when he was still at school, where he was successful, popular, and unhappy. At home he was merely unhappy. I had not met his parents, for on the two occasions when he took me to his home, they happened to be already in bed, and Billy and I sat in the kitchen looking at a large volume of Hogarth prints, discussing whether there was a place for morality in art.

Billy left school with a scholarship to New College, Oxford. Going to the university is traditionally a weighty step in a young man's life, an advance from *tutelage to independence*. I shall never forget the evening when Billy Williams came to London just after his father had given him his first checkbook and an exhortation on what a young man must know. He came into my flat pale and trembling, appalled by his father's too abrupt introduction to the responsibilities of English manhood, and I sat up with him for hours, soothing him and explaining about the banking system and assuring him that I had had a checkbook for years and had never suffered from not obeying the advice printed inside the cover about keeping it under lock and key when not in use. At last the color crept back into his cheeks and the trusting look returned to his eyes, and we made another brew of coffee, and about three in the morning he walked home, quite happy again and leaving his checkbook behind him.

The action of the trustees of the late Mr. Andrew Carnegie enabled me to see quite a lot of Billy Williams while he was at Oxford, for my work on sixteenth-century church music involved consulting some music manuscripts in the Bodleian, and the Bodleian closes at dusk. This was fortunate, for during the autumn and winter Billy Williams continued to need advice. The teashops and the Botanic Garden, the Cherwell and even the Norham Road heard Billy's fevered questionings and my lucid replies. It was just the same trouble as before. He was successful, popular, and unhappy. His acrobatic dancing was the admiration of all who saw it—even dons granted that he had unusual talents that way; his tutor assured him that he would get a first in Greats if he would only give his mind to it; and various other people of standing were urging him to go in for politics, interior decoration, or the church, only premising that he should give his mind to it.

Meanwhile, his mind was given over to doubts and questionings and to a growing conviction that he should quit this sort of thing and become a simple artisan. The Oxford climate disagreed with him, the quantity of pseudo-Gothic architecture weighed on him like a catarrh, and more and more he found himself morbidly drawn to go and look at the Shelley Memorial, where the poet is made to appear as though he lay drowned in his bath. The root of Billy's malaise, I told him, was aesthetic. No one could live contentedly in his section of college, where there was so much pitch pine and so many cusps. I advised him to move out and find lodgings in the town with a kind landlady and some cheerful photogravures after Marcus Stone and where he would be allowed to keep a cat.

This conversation took place on a dreary winter's afternoon. We had been for a walk to Boar's Hill and had spent some time standing in a sleety rain looking at the outside of Gilbert Murray's house. We said farewell with chattering teeth, and going back to London by train, I knew that I had caught a cold and suspected that my advice had not been so restorative as usual.

IT was a few days later, and I was still sneezing, when my doorbell rang. A middle-aged lady stood at the door. She said, "You are Miss Warner, are you not?"

I agreed and asked her to come in.

Seating herself, she looked at me with a resolute but unquiet glance and remarked, "I am Hubert's mother."

I could recall only one Hubert, and he was an orphan.

Looking at me more sternly, she continued, "Hubert Williams."

Then I remembered that Billy Williams was called Billy because he was also called Williams and that he had once confided to me he could not endure to be addressed by his baptismal name, as it gave him the feeling he was in disgrace. So this lady, no doubt, was Billy's mother. Perhaps she too had come for a little advice. With the impression that some kindly gesture must be made as soon as possible, I said, "Do let me take your umbrella."

She gave me the umbrella as though it meant little to her just then. Clearly she had come in search of something, but scarcely advice. People who come for advice do not stare about the room as though they have mislaid something, and those who await wise and soothing words do not have their ears cocked quite so alertly as this lady's. Could it be that she had lost the key with which she locked up her checkbook and wished to borrow money? I felt that on the whole I would rather lend than counsel. For though to advise two generations of a family simultaneously should theoretically produce ideally harmonious results, I had found in practice that it did not work out that way.

"We are rather anxious about Hubert. I think you saw him not long ago. How was he?"

I said that he seemed to be catching a

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cold and added that Oxford is a place where one catches colds very easily. Then I sneezed. She turned her examining glance from my desk to my nose. I said I thought it quite likely that my cold was derived from Billy's. My hope that this might make her feel more at home with me was unfounded. She continued to look uncomfortable and displeased and to stare around the room while I went on to say that Cambridge, too, encouraged colds and that the drafts inseparable from Gothic architecture were a clear proof that people in the Age of Faith had little regard for human life and human happiness.

Her face became suddenly red and she exclaimed, "Hubert left Oxford two days ago without telling anyone where he was going. It is very worrying for us and quite inexplicable. Why, it's only a few days more to the end of term!"

This last sentence seemed to me very odd, and I might have asked her why she would have felt it less if Billy had waited till the end of the term before disappearing, but she went on. "I'm sure you will forgive me for coming to see you like this. I know you have been so kind to Hubert, and the poor boy has such an admiration for you."

Mother love can do anything. Red in the face, genuinely agitated, and weeping with mortification, she nevertheless conveyed with clarity a conviction that her son was slightly infatuated with a charmless harpy, and probably at this moment in my coalhole.

It is difficult to dry the tears of a person who doesn't like you. It is difficult, too, to dislodge a respectable Englishwoman who thinks her son is in your coalhole. I wished then that I had not taken away her umbrella, for, though without consoling properties, an umbrella is always a reminder that one is due to go away again. I was very sorry for her. I could see that she was a woman with strong passions and an orderly nature, and such a woman would deeply resent mislaying any one of her children.

"Perhaps he wanted a change of air."

"Why? Did he talk about going away?"

"No. But a bad cold in the head might drive one to anything. Had he been borrowing any Bradshaws, do you know?"

"All his friends have been interrogated. Not one of them knows anything."

I said it looked like a sudden decision.

"It has been a terrible disappointment to his father."

I became increasingly sorry for this poor woman. If at last she relinquished her theory that Billy was in my coalhole, she would very likely turn to a theory that he was drowned in the Thames. And a husband so liable to disappointment would be more of a responsibility than a comfort. I began to wonder if I should not advise her to run away too. She could explain the step by saying she was going to look for Billy and, once away from home, she might develop new interests.

"Of course," I said, "if one enjoys travelling—and I know Billy does enjoy travelling—one might feel a sudden impulse to go to some place one has read of. Don't you ever feel such impulses? I think Billy told me you sometimes went to Fiesole. Italy must be wonderful at this time of year. I suppose it is just one mass of anemones and—"

At that moment my bell rang again, and the sleuth look returned to the face of my visitor.

It was a telegram. It said, "FEELING SO MUCH BETTER PLEASE WRITE SINNER'S ARMS MARRAMACK CORNWALL BILLY."

I betrayed Billy without hesitation, betrayed him for his own convenience. It seemed clear to me that if his parents remained much longer in ignorance of his whereabouts, they would be having him searched for by the police and that the police would sooner or later find him, and then he would be fetched home and there would be a great deal of recrimination, reconciliation, loss of dignity, and subsequent references to the expense of tracing one's child through Scotland Yard. Whereas, if they knew his address, they would almost certainly content themselves with writing some reproachful letters of forgiveness, which he need not read unless he wanted to. So, smiling, I said, "You needn't worry any longer. Here's a telegram from him."

Having grabbed it and read it, she recovered herself and said musingly, "What an extraordinary address!"

I hadn't paid much attention to the address. I said that Cornwall was full of queer place names—Mara-

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zion, for instance, and St. Just-in-Roseland—and that many people found them very attractive.

"The Sinner's Arms," she repeated.

"Some inn, no doubt. Some crested Cornish family called Sinner."

"I have never heard of a Cornish family with that name," she said.

But when she had got over the address, she became strangely melted and forgiving and told me how relieved her husband would be to know that Hubert was safe in Cornwall. She told me, too, about her other children and their difficult temperaments, and I gave her some general recommendations on the best way of dealing with adolescents. She stayed on till after dusk and then invited me to go home and have supper with her.

One hundred and fifty pounds, even when paid regularly by the Carnegie Trust Fund, was a narrow income, and I had made it a rule of life never to refuse a free meal. I don't know why she asked me. It may have been as hush money to her conscience for having misjudged me, it may have been that she thought it would interest her husband to have a look at me, it may even have been that she felt it would be as well to have another woman around while she broke the news to him that his son was safe in Cornwall. If it was hush money, her conscience could not have needed much hushing, for it was a very moderate meal—poached eggs on a tray. Mr. Williams was still out and about being a barrister and snatching a mouthful at his club. When he came in we told him that Hubert was at a quiet little village called Marramack, in Cornwall. My obligingness in getting a telegram from him was mentioned, but I realized that Mr. Williams saw nothing in me—I doubt if he even saw me as a bad influence. And when I made a move, he rose with alacrity to let me out. With his hand on the latch, he said, "What I cannot understand is his failure to appreciate Oxford. He has always pretended to *like* architecture."

I said that the amount of architecture in Oxford was perhaps almost overwhelming. But he shook his head, as though I were paltering with the truth in a witness box.

"I tried to tell them I wasn't a member of the Blues. You're going to hear from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad about this."

• •

WHEN Billy Williams came back from the Tinner's Arms (for that was the name of the public house, but the telegraphist could not have known about the Cornish mining industry), I told him of his father's parting words and expressed the opinion that they were rather pathetic. He disagreed, saying that they were not in the least pathetic, they merely showed that his father was a snob. I advised him to cultivate a broader outlook toward his parents; by doing so, I said, he would insure himself against possibilities of irksome and unavailing regrets after they had passed away. —SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

• •

LOOKOUT

The rosewood oxen, shining through the fields
Of yellow hay, thin pasture trees, and sun,
Moved on the sidehill. Further shone the sea,
And white as ships beside it was the town.

The small, neat masthead of the Baptist church
Rode against blue, as on a picture card.
The toy train crossed its trestle, and we saw
A far dog shoo white chickens in a yard.

That was the bird's-eye—God's-eye—view we got
One shimmering day on the green steps of a hill
That rose by light to the blue lens of the sky,
Made nearness far, and far things whole and still.

—MARSHALL SCHACHT

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PROFILES

PUBLISHER

II—THE PAX HOWARDIENSIS

Roy Wilson Howard

EARLY the morning after last Election Day, a message went out on the wires of the United Press, the Scripps-Howard news service, to editors of the nineteen Scripps-Howard papers scattered over the United States, saying, "Kill Talburt cartoon Out at Third—R.W.H." The cartoon, drawn by Harold Talburt, an artist employed by a Scripps-Howard feature syndicate, showed Franklin D. Roosevelt in baseball togs sliding for a base marked, with the usual Scripps-Howard subtlety, "Third Term." The third baseman, marked "American People," was, presumably upon Scripps-Howard advice, tagging him out. The precautionary message was a typical tribute from Roy Wilson Howard to the alertness and intelligence of his editors. He wasn't taking any chances. A few weeks after this, Howard paid a friendly call on Mr. Roosevelt at the White House. Ever since the first Wednesday of last November, a sign above the desk of the President's secretary, Stephen T. Early, has proclaimed, "We ain't mad with nobody." It is unlikely that any other critic of the President as acrid as Howard took the sign literally so soon.

As Howard left the President's office after the interview, reporters from the press room in the White House gathered around him on the chance of picking up a few quotations. The publisher waved the newsmen away with a twanging "Nothing to say, boys." As he headed for the door, somebody called out, "Mr. Howard, did you call to report another armistice?" "Who said that?" Howard asked. Nobody answered, and the publisher hurried on with his short, quick stride. The anonymous voice had recalled the most gigantic *gaffe* in newspaper history, the false armistice report Howard sent over from France on November 7, 1918. The fellow who had asked the question may have reflected on the possibility that the false-armistice episode was the clearest proof in Howard's career of his ability to survive experiences that would have proved mortally discouraging to other men.

The report that set the country to celebrating the end of the first World War on the afternoon of November 7th, was received by the United Press in New York and said, in the customary newspapercablese: "URGENT ARMISTICE ALLIES GERMANY SIGNED ELEVEN SMORNING HOSTILITIES CEASED TWO SAFTERNOON SEDAN TAKEN SMORNING BY AMERICANS." It was signed "HOWARD SIMMS." Howard, then president of the United Press, was supposed by his subordinates here to be in Paris. William Philip Simms, now foreign editor of the United Press, was then the organization's manager in Paris, and it was a rule that all United Press messages from France had to bear his signature. When Howard sent the cable, he was not in Paris but in Brest, where he had just finished having a chatty lunch with Vice-Admiral Henry B. Wilson, commander of the American naval forces in France. According to Howard's subsequent account of the affair, he had concluded that the World War was about washed up and had obtained permission to return to America on a transport scheduled to sail from Brest on November 8th. Armistice was in the air. The German government had appointed a delegation to meet with representatives of the Allied powers and receive terms. The two delegations were due to come together sometime on November 7th, but Howard did not know the exact hour. When he met Admiral Wilson, the naval officer told him that he had just had a telephone call from a friend in the United States Embassy in Paris. The friend had told Wilson that the armistice had been signed. Howard promptly wired this interesting item from Brest, which was the cablehead of the transatlantic cable. The Brest censors were in the streets celebrating the armistice rumor, which had spread rapidly from the officers of Admiral Wilson's staff to American sailors and from them to the inhabitants. The telegraph operator assumed the censors had passed Howard's dispatch and simply transmitted it. Howard had added Simms' signature *ultra vires* as Simms' boss, and because of Simms' name the United Press office in New York assumed that the message came from Paris via Brest, instead of directly from Brest. Simms, if consulted, might have advised his superior to double-check his information, a naïve procedure habitual among journalists of lower voltage.

Newspapers in the United States passed the news along to the public under headlines like the New York *Journal's* "Germany Gives Up, War Ends at Two P.M." and the *Evening Post's* "Report Armistice Signed; City in Wild Demonstration." Factory whistles blew, church bells rang, and office workers began throwing paper out of windows. It cost New York $80,000 to clear the debris of the celebration off the streets. The State Department issued a statement in the afternoon denying that the war was over, but the public refused to be balked. The Associated Press, older and more conservative rival of Howard's pushing organization, denied the report from the first, but newspaper editors suspected that it was covering up its own lack of enterprise. An angry crowd tried to wreck the office of the Associated Press at 51 Chambers Street, shouting that it was a nest of German spies. Outside the headquarters of the United Press in the Pulitzer Building, an air-raid siren, vintage of 1918, shrieked at one-minute intervals.

During the twenty-four hours that followed the publication of Howard's report, other, lesser American correspondents in France were desperately chivied by their editors, who plaintively cabled "CAN YOU CONFIRM WAR END?" A *Times* man at the headquarters of the American Second Army received twenty-seven messages from Carr Van Anda, his managing editor. The correspondent kept asking Major General Robert L. Bullard, the army commander, if the war had ceased and Bullard kept insisting it hadn't. Each denial, when cabled to America, apparently made Van Anda more suspicious. The *Times* headlines on November 8th furnish a concise chronicle of the previou day: "False Peace Report Rouses Al America," "City Goes Wild with Joy,' "Supposed Armistice Deliriously Cele brated Here and in Other Cities,' "Crowds Parade Streets," "Jubilan Throngs Reject All Denials and Tea up Newspapers Containing Them,' "Judges Close the Courts," "Mayo Addresses Crowds at City Hall," "Sa loons Closed at Night to Check Disor

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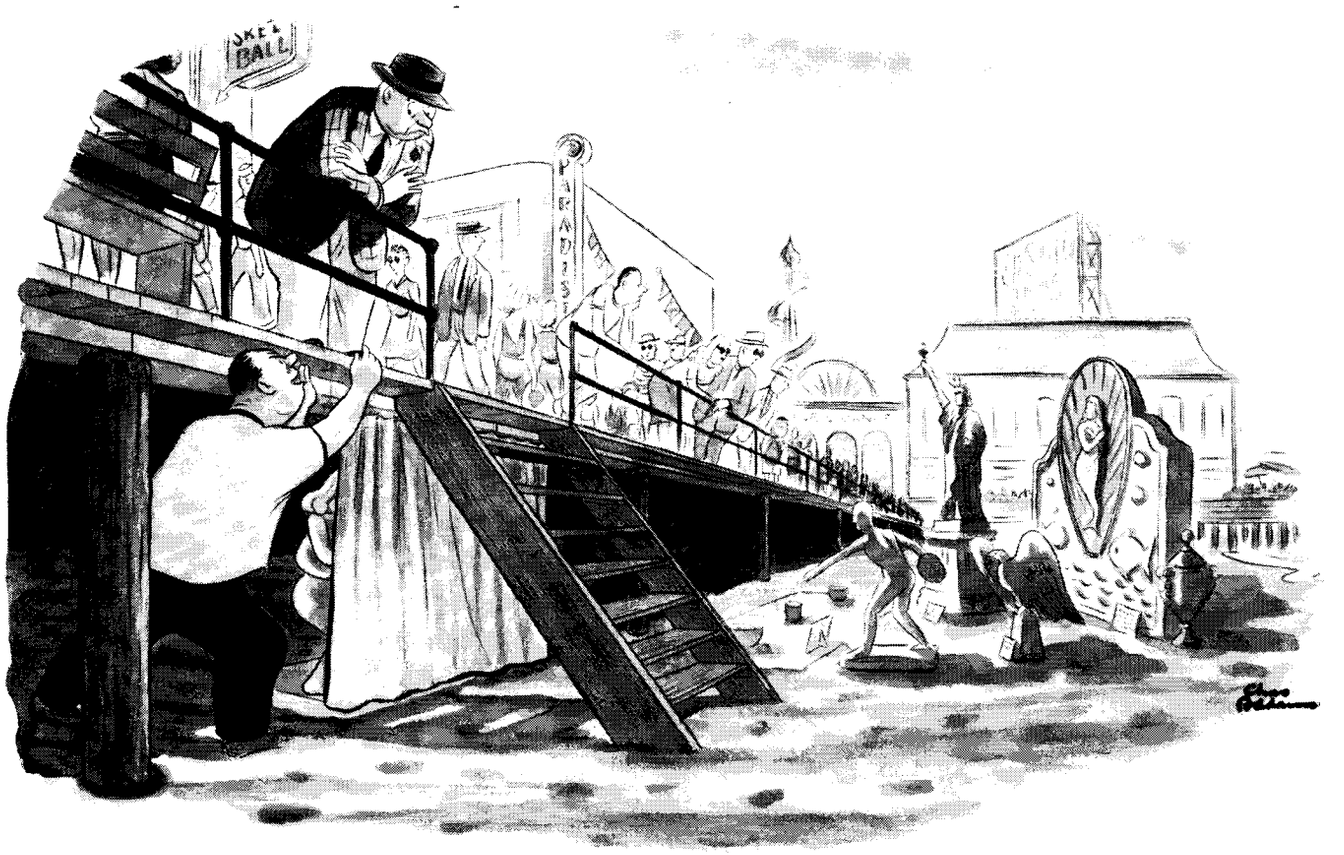
der," and "United Press Men Sent False Cable."

The afternoon newspapers on November 8th, particularly those that had been taken in the day before, attacked the United Press. A Brooklyn *Eagle* editorial, typical of the milder approaches to the subject, began, "The United Press, its news-dupes, and the French censors must get out of this muddle as best they can." The *Post* deplored the heavy loss of working hours incurred when shipyard workers knocked off to celebrate. The *Sun* said, "The responsibility is serious in the extreme." The *Globe* wondered, "Will the public dare to rejoice over the real news when the armistice comes or will the celebrations be an anticlimax?" During the following week, United Press news disappeared almost completely from the pages of American papers.

ALL through the false-armistice excitement, William W. Hawkins, Howard's phlegmatic second-in-command, who was in charge at the New York United Press office, fought to defend the Howard message. Hawkins had collaborated with Howard from the first year of the United Press's existence and was two years later to succeed him as president of the organization. Five or six hours after the State Department's denial of the story, Hawkins, at his office in the Pulitzer Building, said that the United Press would stand by the report until it was disproved. The State Department said that German and Allied delegates to a conference on armistice terms had not even met at the time the report was released. Hawkins replied that it was lucky Howard had got his story past a momentarily relaxed censorship. Twenty-four hours after the false report, the United Press sent out another dispatch just received from its president, saying, "URGENT BREST ADMIRAL WILSON WHO ANNOUNCED BREST NEWSPAPER ARMISTICE BEEN SIGNED LATER NOTIFIED UNCONFIRMABLE MEANWHILE BREST RIOTOUSLY CELEBRATING. HOWARD SIMMS." Subsequently it sent out a message from Admiral Wilson admitting that the report had originated in his office. Years afterward, when the *Tribune* had been taken in by a fake report of a fleet of gambling palaces off the Atlantic coast, Howard, playing golf on a Westchester course, shouted to a *Tribune* man named Montague, who was playing nearby, "Where did you get that scoop?" "Admiral Wilson told us," Montague answered. Howard was struck dumb for five or six seconds.

The signing of the real armistice on November 11th saved Howard and the United Press from any prolonged humiliation. Americans were too pleased with the real thing to stay angry over the false. Howard ordinarily thinks of the incident lightheartedly. In 1928, on the first anniversary of his acquisition of the New York *Telegram*, a purchase which marked Scripps-Howard's entry into the New York newspaper field, the editorial staff held a beefsteak dinner at Cavanagh's Restaurant. The publisher acted as master of ceremonies. Francis Albertanti, a sportswriter, heckled Howard freely. At last, Howard happily yelled, "Shut up! I once stopped a war and I can stop you!"

The false armistice and its aftermath did nothing to estrange Howard from Edward Wyllis Scripps, the odd old man who owned fifty-one per cent of the stock in the Scripps newspapers and the United Press and had been Howard's employer for thirteen years. The way Howard bounced back after the nightmare of November 7th increased Scripps' respect for him. Scripps, in his spare time, used to dictate for his own amusement notes he called "disquisitions" on anything that came into his mind. He had already dictated one on Howard in 1917. Howard, then thirty-four years old, had been president of



"Psst, Bud, wanna take a gander at some lewd sand sculpture?"

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the United Press for five years. "Right from the start, Howard's self-respect and self-confidence was so great as to make it impossible for it to increase," Scripps had said. "Doubtless to himself his present situation in life, his successes and his prosperity, all seem to be perfectly natural, and to be no more nor less than he expected." Describing the young man at the time of their first meeting, Scripps dictated, "His manner was forceful and the reverse of modest. Gall was written all over his face. It was in every tone and every word he voiced."

Scripps never tried to build a large metropolitan newspaper. He remained true all his life to a formula of establishing liberal, shoestring newspapers in towns so much alike in their outlook that the publications could have practically interchangeable parts. The national policies of the papers were determined at annual conventions of Scripps editors held at French Lick, Indiana, where Scripps would berate them all on general principles. The editors could determine their own local policies, provided they favored labor. In the eighties, Scripps, as a young man, had tried to run a newspaper in St. Louis and had found Joseph Pulitzer's *Post-Dispatch* too well intrenched in the liberal field in that city. He had thereupon decided that he was destined to be a newspaper Woolworth rather than a Tiffany. Except for St. Louis and Chicago, where he launched a small-scale experiment with an intentionally adless newspaper just before the World War, Scripps tried no city larger than Cleveland. There, in 1878, he founded the enormously profitable *Press* with an initial investment of $12,500. Howard, while he worked under Scripps, was a liberal too. He was frantically adaptable.

THE town of Gano, in southwestern Ohio, where Howard was born in 1883, is so small that it does not appear in an ordinary library atlas. Howard usually refers to himself as a Hoosier because his family moved to Indianapolis seven years after he was born. William Howard, his father, was for several years a railroad brakeman and later became a conductor. Railroad pay was low in the last century and the Howards had a harder time than most railroad families, even though Roy was an only child. William Howard was tubercular and a good part of his income went for medical care. When a friend a few years ago made fun of Howard for tipping a Paris taxi-driver only fifty centimes, the publisher declared solemnly, "If my father had had a thousand dollars saved up, he could have gone out to Colorado and been cured." Howard sometimes speaks appreciatively of the railroad labor brotherhoods, because, he says, his father's pay and working conditions were terrible in those old non-union days. Roy went to Manual Training High School in Indianapolis, and became the school correspondent for the Indianapolis *News*. William Howard died during his son's senior year, and after the boy graduated he went to work as a reporter on the city staff of the *News* at eight dollars a week. He soon transferred to the *Star*, the opposition paper, where he became sports editor at twenty a week. Supporting his widowed mother, the boy, small, tense, determined to get on, adopted his now well-known uniform of gaudy shirts and patent-leather shoes as an outward disclaimer of his inward forebodings.

On the Indianapolis *News*, How-

DAVID TODAY

Your blood runs muddled,
My polyglot,
From Dutch and English
And Welsh and Scot;
But to honor you
In this year of shame,
We have named you David,
A Jewish name.
Upon your hand—
A scant inch long—
We lay the sense
Of your brother's wrong.
To this frail case
Of gristle and skin
We trust the fortunes
Of all your kin—
Your Negro brother,
Your brother the Jew—
Of all who suffer
From being few.

In cruel times
For a child to share
Your mother has dropped you,
Well aware
That flesh must carry
The mind's high stake,
Since the world we have
Is the world we make.

Let nothing rob you
Of discontent.
Your thin, first protest
Was early spent—
A cradle tempest,
Not loud, not long—
But your puny anger
Will yet be strong;
And we bid you nurse it,
While we nurse you,
To turn on Gentiles
Who hate the Jew,
On gentlemen
Who in pride of race
Would burn black problems
They dare not face.

Poor and lucky,
We can ill afford
A silver spoon
Or a silver cord;
But your name is David—
We bring you, instead,
One smooth flat stone
From the clean brook bed,
And with this for birthright
May you, at length,
Have little of comfort,
Much of strength.
We could wish you homeless
Under a ledge
With a mind that burns
Through the skull's thin edge—
Better so,
In the sleety rain,
Than plump and cozy
In belly and brain.

For there's work to be done
And all's not well.
The giants we fostered
Are yours to fell.
The peace we squandered
Is yours to win,
By anger flashed outward
And hate held in.
Let these be single
When each is great:
Anger blown clear
Of the coals of hate—
Keep hate for ideas,
Anger for men,
Now the fools of evil
Are loose again.

And when metals cancel
And wits lock fast,
One smooth flat stone
Can win, at the last,
Through fear and the will
To master fear
With the sling of David.

The giants are here.

—ALEXANDER LAING

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"I've been watching you out there, Bates. You have the same weakness as Ducky Medwick."

• •

ard met several men who became more or less fixtures in his life. Among them was the late Ray Long, a slightly older Hoosier, who was already city editor of that paper. Long, about Howard's size, was shallow, quick, energetic, and hedonistic. Howard always admired him as a pattern of worldliness and *savoir-vivre*. For twenty-five years, from 1910, when Long left Indianapolis to be a magazine editor, until 1935, when he committed suicide, he and Howard were inseparable companions after working hours. During that period Long edited *Red Book*, *Cosmopolitan*, and other magazines. Another friend Howard made in Indianapolis was a reporter named Lowell Mellett, a Hoosier born in the Elwood that Wendell L. Willkie subsequently made famous. Mellett, present director of the Office of Government Reports in Washington, is one of Franklin D. Roosevelt's principal advisers on public relations. Men who worked with Howard in Indianapolis remember most his eagerness and the neat manner in which he always draped his jacket on a hanger before sitting down at his typewriter. An older man on the *News* named Charles Stewart, who liked Howard, presently got a job as telegraph editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and took the cub with him as assistant. Howard's mother rented a house in St. Louis and Stewart boarded with the Howards. When Ray Long became managing editor of Scripps' Cincinnati *Post* a couple of years later, he sent for Howard to be news editor, and mother and son moved to Cincinnati. Mellett also joined the *Post* staff. Scripps' Midwestern papers were then known as the Scripps-McRae League; the McRae was Milton McRae, a junior partner who owned a relatively trifling amount of stock. Howard, who had been reading O. Henry, was eager to move on to New York and become a New Yorker. Long managed to have him appointed New York correspondent for the Scripps-McRae League, and Howard took the train for the big city. When he became proprietor of the New York *Telegram* twenty-one years later, he put notices on the bulletin board in the city room that said, "Remember! New York is Bagdad on the subway." O. O. McIntyre, when he eventually began writing his column, seemed to Howard the only authentic interpreter of the New York scene.

The twenty-three-year-old Howard who came to New York with an assured $38-a-week job, a beginning most of his colleagues would have envied, had already acquired a species of bantamweight dignity. "When you're my size," he sometimes says, "you can't afford to be a comedian." Newspapering, despite urgent prodding from schools of journalism, has always lagged behind the learned professions on the march to seemliness. Lawyers wrestled and played practical jokes on each other in Lincoln's time, but newspapermen continued to rough each other up for many decades thereafter. Howard, small, obstreperous, and glossy, had had to put up with an unusual amount of mauling during his Indianapolis and St. Louis days. One contemporary remembers seeing him tossed across the city room of the *Star* by a fat-headed giant giving a demonstration of jujitsu. Another time a colleague on the *Post-Dispatch* playfully touched a lighted match to the nape of the cub's neck. Howard, unfortunately, had that morning drenched his hair with a tonic that contained alcohol. A blue flame flickered over him and for a moment he resembled a crêpe Suzette *flambée*. He never entered into the spirit of these high jinks, and finally his special brand of dignity came to be respected.

THE Hoosier boulevardier was just beginning to settle into his rôle as the Babylonian correspondent of the Scripps-McRae League when Scripps, in 1907, acquired the Publishers' Press Association, a decrepit news-gathering

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service which he made the nucleus of a new agency he called the United Press. The Publishers' Press, which had its headquarters in New York, cost Scripps about $180,000. The Associated Press has always been a coöperative enterprise which will issue no new franchise on its telegraphic news service in a city where there are member papers unless the members consent. Since at that time there was no other large-scale telegraphic agency in the country, a non-member paper was at a tremendous disadvantage. Scripps said that the U.P. would buck the A.P. and sell news to anybody who would pay for it. He considered it his greatest contribution to a free journalism, and it proved to be one of his most profitable accomplishments. Shortly before his death he wrote, "Perhaps the greatest reason, however, for my objecting to becoming an integral part of the Press Association [the A.P.] in the crisis was that I knew at least 90 per cent of my fellows in American journalism were capitalists and conservatives. In those, my youthful days of pride, I swelled up with vanity at the thought that I was to be the savior of the free press in America. Of course, I have learned since that it requires more than one man to guarantee such freedom." Howard decided, soundly enough, that he would have more future as an executive with the new organization than as the solitary correspondent in Gomorrah of a group of Ohio newspapers.

The first president of the United Press was John Vandercook, a former Cincinnati *Post* official who knew Howard. Howard made his interest in the U.P. known, and Vandercook hired him as New York district manager. Mellett soon came on from Cincinnati, too, and for a while the two Indianapolis boys, both thin, shared a single bed in the apartment he and his mother rented. Hawkins came on from Louisville, where he was working on the *Courier-Journal*. The United Press was guaranteed against loss in the first few years by dues Scripps levied on the score of papers he controlled to cover the news agency's operating costs. Scripps, following his custom, reserved fifty-one per cent of the stock for himself, giving an option on twenty per cent to Vandercook and an option on another twenty per cent to Hamilton B. Clark, the business manager. Minor executives had chances to acquire smaller blocks of stock. The executives were to pay for their stock out of the profits of the new venture, if profits developed. This was a system Scripps had developed for giving executives of his newspapers an extra incentive. Even today Scripps-Howard executives of importance usually have an agreement with the management that they call "a deal," which means that they are rewarded with stock in the corporation employing them, if the corporation shows a profit. When an executive leaves one Scripps-Howard corporation for another, or for the outside world, he is compelled to surrender his stock at a price fixed by an "appraisal board" of other Scripps-Howard brass hats. His successor then has a chance to acquire the same stock. Vandercook, a newspaperman of great ability, died suddenly just as the United Press profits began to come in. Howard, already conspicuous for his push, begged for a chance at Vandercook's job. Gilson Gardner, Scripps' secretary, has described Howard as "busy as a wasp trying to get through a windowpane." Clark backed the youngster. Scripps was at Miramar, his California ranch. He spent most of his time there because he didn't like other rich men and couldn't abide poor people, he once told one of his associates. The old man had never seen Howard, but Scripps' wife and Howard's mother had been

"Tell me, what did you do about the draft?"

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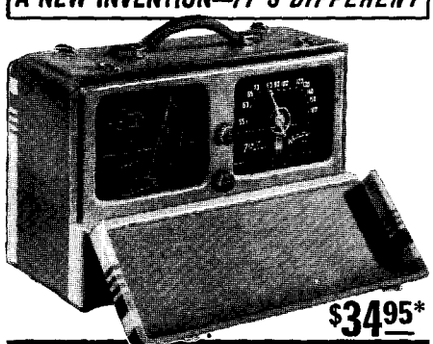

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AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD

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chums as girls, and Scripps had heard a good deal about him. "I was surprised at being urged to let Howard be tried out," Scripps later wrote. But he gave him the job. "My fancy was tickled with the idea," the old man continued, "my propensity to try experiments demonstrated itself again. However, Howard made good. Howard continued to make good. The United Press . . . began to grow into a property that had an actual value." Soon Howard got a chance to buy Vandercook's twenty-per-cent share of the company's stock, and did so. Clark resigned to found a Philadelphia paper and Howard also picked up his twenty per cent. In 1909, Howard made a trip abroad to report to Scripps on the foreign-news-gathering arrangements. Some time before, he had met a young free-lance newspaperwoman named Margaret Rohe in New York. Miss Rohe, tiring of letters, had gone to London in the cast of an American show called "The Chorus Lady," in which she had a small speaking part. Howard met her again in London and married her. Howard's mother took a second husband a few years after her son's marriage and moved to the Pacific Coast, where she died in 1931.

The United Press started off with the same independent Left Wing slant for which the Scripps-McRae newspapers were known. That was because, in the beginning, most of its clients were members of the chain. In its handling of the strikes of the Danbury hatters in 1912 and the Paterson silk workers in 1912 and 1913, the U. P. was noticeably more pro-labor than the Associated Press. The contrast gradually disappeared. Howard was not slow to recognize that a news service has a market unlike that of a newspaper. Scripps had once remarked that ninety-five per cent of all newspaper readers are not rich even though ninety per cent of the publishers are "capitalists and conservatives." When, in 1912, Howard was made president of the United Press and was in a way to become a rich man, old friends in Indianapolis considered him a great success in the East. In New York, unfortunately, there was no Scripps paper and nobody seemed to know him. As an ambitious young man of twenty-nine aspiring to take his place as a prominent metropolitan figure, he was pained scarcely less that few New Yorkers had ever heard of E. W. Scripps, either. He indicated a feeling that Scripps' indifference to Broadway showed a blind spot.

The first World War brought the United Press the big newspapers of

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South America as customers. Before the war they had been clients of Havas, the agency subsidized by the French government. Also, during the war, newspapers all over the United States felt the need of more wire service, and the United Press, which was selling its service to five hundred clients in 1914, had seven hundred newspapers on its list in 1918. Howard's false armistice had no effect on his fortunes, which unexpectedly improved further when Scripps quarrelled with his eldest son, James, publisher of the Seattle *Star* and several other Western papers. James gained control of the stock of these papers and broke with his father. James' death in 1921 came before a reconciliation was possible. A second son, John, died in 1914. James' defection in 1920 left only Robert Scripps, twenty-five years old and profoundly uninterested in the newspaper business, as an heir. The elder Scripps had to pick a practical newspaperman as a running mate for his son, and since most of the editors who had helped him build his newspapers had short life expectancies, Howard was the logical choice. Old Scripps made him chairman of the board of the Scripps-McRae newspapers in 1920. Howard resigned as president of the United Press in order to accept the new job. McRae, the second barrel of the Scripps-McRae name, was already out of the firm. The following year Howard's name replaced McRae's on the mastheads of all the papers in the chain, which added to Howard's prestige. The resplendent young news-service man was nevertheless looked upon with some suspicion by the older set of Scripps' followers among newspaper publishers, Midwestern liberals who thought Howard had been corrupted by his residence in the East. Scripps gave up active direction of the Scripps enterprises in 1924, but retained a controlling financial interest.

THE combination of Howard and Robert Paine Scripps, who together took over the direction of the news empire when the elder Scripps retired, was once compared by a company eulogist to "the two blades of a pair of shears." It was an accurate metaphor only if the writer was thinking of a tailor's shears, which has one flat and one cutting blade. Robert Scripps was the flat blade. Originally planning to be a nature poet, he had been drafted into the newspaper business because his father believed in keeping his properties in the family. Robert Scripps used to say, "I hate to make decisions. Roy loves to

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make them. So I let him." E. W. Scripps died aboard his yacht, Ohio, off the coast of Liberia on March 12, 1926, at the age of seventy-two. He left his newspapers, valued at a total of $40,000,000, to his son and three grandsons in a trust which would be dissolved upon the death of the last surviving grandson. Eleven months later, Howard acquired the New York *Telegram* for the Scripps-Howard chain. At last, by stretching a point, he could call himself a New York publisher. It was a little like the gesture of a turf-struck movie actor who buys a lame old horse for the sake of wearing an owner's badge. Ever since he had come to this city, Howard had wanted a New York paper, but E. W. Scripps had forbidden him to buy one. The *Telegram* was literally a museum piece. Frank Munsey had willed it along with the *Sun* to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which had sold both to William T. Dewart. Dewart kept the *Sun*, which he still owns, and sold the *Telegram* to Howard for $1,800,000. The *Telegram* was housed in a rat-infested old barracks at Washington and Dey Streets, where its personnel was strictly forbidden to smoke lest the Fire Department condemn the building. The paper, founded in 1876 by James Gordon Bennett as a raffish afternoon running mate to his morning *Herald*, had a circulation of 195,000, which depended chiefly on the racing news and Tammany political gossip that it published. It had been adopted by Tammany as a kind of house organ and got considerable political advertising. Howard was so impatient to own a New York newspaper that he closed the deal before he persuaded Robert Paine Scripps to string along with him. Young Scripps acceded to the *fait accompli.*

Howard, having restlessly kibitzed the New York newspaper business for twenty-one years while working for the United Press and Scripps-Howard, had a number of ideas about what a metropolitan newspaper should be. He completely revamped the character of the *Telegram*, although he retained several members of the staff, and started out to show New York a supercharged version of, say, the Evansville *Press*, with trimmings from *Smart Set.* The publisher believed that news stories in New York papers were too long. Shorter, crisper stories would be more widely read, he told his editors. The space saved on news stories could be devoted to feature articles with the accent on fine writing. The first effect of Howard's doctrine was a reduction almost to the vanishing point of news matter in the paper. The second

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was a mass invasion of New York by fine writers, recommended by Scripps-Howard editors in twenty-five cities, including Albuquerque, New Mexico; Youngstown, Ohio; and Covington, Kentucky. They wrote in a style which has been classified by historians of English literature as Oklahoma Byzantine. Since they were unacquainted with the gags that press agents had sold to previous generations of feature writers, the *Telegram's* pages began to look like a retrospective show of publicity wheezes. Some of the young men were encouraged to shine in the high aesthetic line, while others wrote, for the first page of the second section, in-the-know biographies of sterling Wall Street characters, most of whom subsequently jumped bail. Howard's first managing editor was a man named Sturdevant, who once had been happy as the editor of the Youngstown *Telegram*. Sturdevant was followed in office by Ted Thackrey, present executive editor of the *Post*, who was then fresh from Cleveland. Lee B. Wood, who had made a name in Oklahoma City, eventually displaced Thackrey. None of them could do anything to make Howard's venture profitable, and the *Telegram* finally declined to the point of losing a million dollars a year. It was steadily losing readers too, many of them people who had developed hallucinations from reading its prose and were dragged from subway trains slapping at adjectives they said they saw crawling over them. This did not shake Howard's confidence in himself. He can take a beating and come back with the undiminished aplomb of an actress blaming her last flop on an unsuitable vehicle.

He made his first spectacular move toward establishing the new *Telegram* by hiring Heywood Broun in the spring of 1928. Broun was at liberty because, after a long wrangle with the late Ralph Pulitzer, publisher of the *World*, over his columns on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, he had written an article for the *Nation* which Pulitzer considered "disloyal." The first sentence of that article was "There ought to be a place in New York City for a liberal newspaper." Howard gave Broun a two-year contract at $25,000 a year. By hiring him, Howard got a name for broadmindedness and at the same time gave a large number of people one reason for reading the *Telegram*. Broun was the best-known columnist in the country, with the exceptions of O. O. McIntyre and Arthur Brisbane. The glory reflected on the employer of a public figure pleased Howard, and he began to be seen in speakeasies with Broun, wearing a grin, like the minstrel men who used to sing, "I've Got a White Man Working for Me Now." —A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the second of four articles on Mr. Howard. The third will appear next week.)

• •

THE STRENGTH TO SAY NO

Some Acts of Self-Restraint Indicating That Exponents of That Homely Virtue Have Not Yet Vanished Entirely from the American Scene

LOCALE	EXPONENT	ACT
Jackson, Mississippi	Dr. W. F. Hand	When legislators proposed to increase his salary as state chemist by $1,200 a year, he replied that he would not accept the raise because he was already receiving "adequate compensation."
Omaha	Governor R. L. Cochran	Observing that his frequent proclamations of special days were being received with increasing apathy, he refrained from issuing one for Father's Day.
St. Louis	J. A. Hendry	At the age of eighty-two, he had never read a novel.
Memphis	A. H. Johnson	As clerk of the Licence Bureau, he issued 20,000 marriage licences and remained single.
Los Angeles	John Sarkauskas	He turned down 349 offers of free lifts while hiking from New York to the Coast.
Pittsburgh	Mrs. Effie Warnock	When she learned that her seventh husband was suing her for divorce, she decided never to marry again.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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LETTER FROM OXFORD

JULY 15

THE city of Oxford is stuffed to the bursting point with *évacués*, mostly from London, and when you add the soldiers and members of the air force, who are everywhere, you have a fairly advanced case of congestion. On a hot summer's day, a stroll down Cornmarket necessitates an all-in wrestling match with screaming cockney infants, maidens in slacks, soldiers, bare-legged girls on bicycles, and patient people in food queues straggling out over the pavement with their baskets. To step from this world into the cool of one of the college quads is to arrive on another planet.

On the surface, the university life is about as it always was, but actually there are many changes. In the first place, the call-up has necessitated a drastic cut in the length of residence of the average undergraduate, which is normally three or four years but is now usually no more than one or two. The number of young men in the colleges has fallen to about forty per cent of the peacetime total, a severe headache for the authorities of some of the less wealthy colleges, to whose coffers board and lodging used to bring in a substantial total each term. Balliol, for instance, has around a hundred and thirty-five undergraduates instead of three hundred. Some of the other colleges, such as Pembroke, are housing evacuated government departments. Keble is packed with young lady civil servants who are taken every day in motor buses to work at Blenheim, the mansion of the Duke of Marlborough, who is said to be democratically camping out in the servants' quarters.

Many of the remaining undergraduates are working for war degrees, which require an abbreviated course of study. So that they shall lose no time while they are here, waiting for their call-up, they must join the Oxford University Senior Training Corps, unless they propose to enter one of the reserved, or exempt, professions. It is compulsory to put in a full day and a half a week on the job and the recruit can choose whether he would rather train for infantry or artillery mechanized units or in the university air squadron. All the colleges have their own A.R.P. squads, too, and these probably constitute some of the most carefully trained and least practiced outfits in the country, since Oxford has never had an air raid. No one seems to think it particularly likely that respect for the town's dreaming spires has been responsible for holding the bombers off, but the fact remains that so far not even a gargoyle has been nicked. There are occasional *alertes* as German planes fly over on their way to the west, and there was a brief excitement during one of these when some clothes an old lady living on Woodstock Road was airing somehow caught fire, starting a rumor that incendiary bombs had been dropped.

THE tutorial staffs of the colleges have naturally suffered from the departure of the younger men for the services and ministries. Now that so many quarters have been made vacant by the acute shortage of bachelor dons, a few of the married dons have been allowed the unheard-of privilege of bringing their wives to live in college. One sees children sporting in the stately quads and perambulators parked in lichened doorways which previously sheltered nothing more domestic than an undergraduate's bicycle. This revolutionary change in the university landscape is probably an uncomfortable one for the wives in question, who have to set up housekeeping in medieval scholastic buildings, many of which are long on atmosphere but short on plumbing. That it can take place at all is evidence of how the conservative crust is slowly cracking here and there.

Those who know say that the undergraduates themselves have changed. The famous Oxford accent is heard less around the place than the accents of the provinces. The aesthete and the blood have been superseded by a far more serious type—youths who probably arrived here from a secondary school via a scholarship and are grimly determined to extract every ounce of benefit from the short time they can spare to Minerva before Mars yanks them into khaki. How far this feverish preoccupation with work for work's sake will go to destroy the browsing, dilettante atmosphere of leisure which has always been Oxford's chief charm remains to be seen. It is certain that the present undergraduate, like everyone else in England, is considerably poorer than his predecessors. One symptom of the new frugality is the occasional tooting of a saxophone one hears floating out over the quad of a college hitherto associated in the lay mind with wealthy young men who kept polo ponies; its source is the president of one of the numerous Oxford societies who tries

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out this and that corny little number before introducing it to his band, made up of undergraduate friends all earning a bit of extra cash by going around and playing at local dances.

Probably either because no one has any surplus money to spend or because what is going on in the world right now doesn't make for gaiety, there's far less rampaging among the students than in the past. The last big fight of the inter-college feuds was in 1939, just before the war, when the tide of battle surged noisily backward and forward across the quads from nine till midnight. With animal spirits on the decline, those familiar with university life think that they detect a marked increase of religious feeling. This has nothing to do with any organized movement, inasmuch as attendance at chapel is said to be as cheerfully bad as it used to be and the Oxford Group is pretty well dead in the colleges except for a few of the faithful. It would seem that the trend is a more personal matter and just another indication of the current seriousness of the youth in these parts.

POSSIBLY this new habit of deep thinking on vital issues is responsible for the small but persistent group of conscientious objectors among the undergraduates, a group which has come in for a good deal of adverse criticism. Old North Oxford residents, sipping afternoon tea in William Morris drawing rooms amid a welter of brassware and signed photographs of college dignitaries, are apt to condemn the present generation as a bunch of long-haired pacifists who are not a patch on their predecessors—a comparison which they have been making for the last fifty years. The agitation in local bosoms recalls all the rumpus that was made over some young Oxford students who before the war resolved in debate "under no circumstances to fight for King and Country," a decision which they ratified when war broke out by leaping into Spitfires just a shade more smartly than anyone else.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "Dangerous Water," by Whitman Chambers*]

The gin-clear water looked about two feet deep.—*Page 14.*

The jade water of the little landlocked harbor was gin clear.—*Page 138.*

. . . until you dragged up a bucketful and discovered it was gin clear.—*Page 169.*

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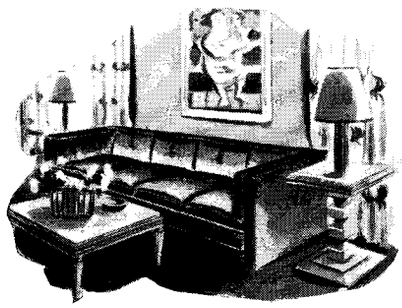

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Fri., Aug. 15—NORTH AMERICAN STEEPLECHASE H'CAP

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Benny at Oxford

"CHARLEY'S AUNT" is the sort of thing that discourages a man from making any further effort to understand the workings of the theatre or the movies. Here's a tuberculous old farce, no worse but definitely no better than any of its contemporaries, which has trudged through three generations in the humble position of an amateur-dramatic-society offering. You know the sort of thing if you've ever seen a Samuel French catalogue: "Three women, ten men, two sets, suitable for a cast of young people, royalty five dollars." Last summer a group of super-sprightly summer-theatre actors revived it in a barn; it went so well that it was presented that winter on Broadway, and now we got it in a movie, with that funny fellow, Jack Benny, in the title rôle. Countless thousands of dollars have changed hands. Agents have taken other agents to lunch in fashionable saloons. Actors and writers who were on the Coast flew East, and those who were East flew West. Why is all this? Why? Why? Why?

Well, as it happens, I'm prepared to give the reason, or what I'm pretty sure is the reason. You're all aware that there exists a peculiar, perverted snobbery that prevents people who should know better from admitting that they are bored by the comic strips, for instance, or by Coney Island, juke boxes, or other relaxations of the mentally handicapped. "Charley's Aunt" muscled into this select company on the same sheer lack of merit. This summer, almost every barn theatre has trotted out an old farce, just on the chance. Listen, there's *plenty* wrong with the theatre besides Saroyan!

On its own terms, of course, "Charley's Aunt" is an acceptable hour's diversion, but not with Jack Benny. To see, peering from beneath the visor of a cricket cap, that intelligent, sharp face, the face of a man worrying about the new surtax, the face of a prosperous comedian worrying, possibly, about where his next gagman is coming from—well, it just destroys the illusion. Or to put it another way, it's more of a jape to cast Jack Benny as Lord Fancourt Babberley than it was for Lord Fancourt Babberley to dress up as Charley's aunt. The real Charley's aunt, Donna Lucia, is played by Kay Francis, wavishing as ever. "Charley's Aunt" is funny, in the sense that you begin to giggle with helpless boredom, but that's all. That's all.

IF you don't believe that the movie industry still turns out gangster pictures in which girls are framed for crimes they didn't commit, take stiff raps but emerge from the Big House with their manicures and hair-dos intact, become gun molls to avenge themselves on society, and finally get the goods on their enemies by stealing letters from an attorney's filing cabinet, see "Gangs, Inc." Nuts, Inc.

"Adventure in Washington" concerns the problem of page boys who run errands for senators and (if we are to place any credence in the story) sometimes eavesdrop while weighty secret conferences are going on. This problem, and this picture, should be among the least of your worries.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST
(LAMP DIVISION)

[*Instructions issued by the Kwang Wha Petrol Lamp Works, Shanghai, for the operation of its lamps*]

NOTICE

1. Open the lid by unscrewing "F" pour in 20 to 25 ounce of pure kerosene screw up "F" tightly anb let loose the main screw "G"

2. Light lamp at that time. first "H" baundary pass, down small doorway; gate way. to open usealcohol pot mouth insertion. "H" wine acup of wine use matches combustion finis hed; done. screw "G" pump with pandle. "K" 20-30 time this lamp brilliantly.

3. this lamp "E" interior; inside. pincase. to encounter. the lamp impossible light. handle "L" to move round. this lamp at once.

4. this lamp drilliant light from time to time don' topen the lid by unscrewing "F". to share exem. ptfrom. to disclose.

5. provided that. to put out a lamp open unscrewing "G". this lamp immediately. to put out a lamp

6. to encounter light mantle to crack. immediately to leave glass. toavoid; dodge. glass. to break into pieces.

7. this lamp. veil reflector. acts; doing Inverted lamp

8. to increase in quanti-ty tomake tea stand forprovisions to take away. "A" to beable; may, cooking food.

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THE WEE BARN ON THE HILL

IV—THE KID'S LAST KID PART

MRS. OLIVER, the most silent of the investors in the Wee Barn on the Hill, on whose estate stood the barn in question, arrived home Sunday night after a week's trip to Cape Cod. Standing at her front door, she could see the Wee Barn pouring light through every chink and doorway —dress rehearsal, evidently. She smiled. A trace of the smile was still on her lips as she entered her cool living room. Then, as naturally as if she had been coached by a stage director, she put one hand to her throat and gasped.

Lying on her chintz-covered sofa was a very blond young man wearing espadrilles, blue overalls, and, as far as Mrs. Oliver was able to see, nothing else. He was leafing through a blue-covered booklet, which Mrs. Oliver identified as a "part," and, judging from the tray on the coffee table, he had been eating a bowl of Corn Flakes and heavy cream. The blond young man looked at Mrs. Oliver with bovine sang-froid, got up off the sofa, put the booklet in his hip pocket, and started out of the room; then, seeming to remember something, he dug a coin from one of his other pockets and placed it on the tray. "It's not Twenty-One, but it's good country food," he remarked as he left.

Apparently Margaret, the cook, had been peeking in from the darkened dining room, because she appeared immediately to take away the tray, chuckling happily. "The little rascal!" she said. "Good evening, Mrs. Oliver. Do you know who that was? *Billy Billings!*"

"Billy?" Mrs. Oliver said. "Billings?"

"He's Joe Punkins on the radio, every morning while I'm doing the breakfast dishes. He's going to be in a play at our theayter, and he's been eating up here. He says the food's better than at the Inn."

"Well," Mrs. Oliver said, still struggling with the situation. "Well . . ."

Margaret moved off with the tray. "If you're down to the barn, Ma'am, will you tell the young man I'm bringing some tea and sandwiches later on?"

"Yes, I will," said Mrs. Oliver, aware that she herself didn't dare ask for anything to eat after dinner.

BY the time Mrs. Oliver reached the barn, Billy Billings was on the stage, where a scene was set that seemed to represent a small private barroom, or possibly a beach cabaña equipped for heavy drinking. He was dressed now in shorts and a blazer. Mrs. Oliver decided that this must be an acting rather than a street costume, since the other actor on the stage—a tall, dark woman whom Mrs. Oliver had never seen before—was wearing shorts, too.

The blond youth was speaking steadily, sometimes with dramatic inflections, sometimes in his own character, although Mrs. Oliver could not always be sure which: "Gee whizz, Sis, I've had a cocktail. I had a cocktail over at Henry Jenkins's house, and it made me awful dizzy. I don't think I'm cut out to be a member of café society. Darling, I've told you all week that's a sure laugh, and I've got to wait for it. You've got to manage to get over here in time to slap me on 'boy friend.' And that reminds me, I've been hearing things about your new boy friend. Slap me, slap me, for God's sake! I'm not going to die if you slap me. Aw, gee whizz, what did you have to go and do that for, Sis? Darling, you'll have to stand a little downstage so they'll get my face after the slap. Say, Sis, I've got a trade last for you . . ."

In the last row of seats, Mrs. Oliver, as her eyes got used to the darkness, saw Bee Grahame, the Wee Barn's leading lady, sitting with two men. One was Norman Candler, the company's director; the other was a stranger. Bee turned her head and, seeing Mrs. Oliver, got up and walked over to her.

"Hello," Bee whispered. "I hope you didn't mind about Billy. It happened so quickly—did you get the telegram I sent to Chatham?"

"I was at Falmouth." As always, Mrs. Oliver found herself somehow expected to take for granted a whole sequence of events that she couldn't understand. "This young man—this Billings—"

"It's a tryout for a Broadway pro-

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COLLARLESS JACKET AND SHORTS (ages 5 to 9)—Grey Flannel, Blue Flannel or Tweeds in various patterns and colors—are $12.50. COLLAR-ATTACHED SHIRTS (buttoning at the waist), with Eton collar, Tennis collar (shorter points) or open sport collar, are $1.50. Neckties are $1.

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SINGLE BREASTED OR DOUBLE BREASTED JACKET with waistcoat and long trousers (ages 11 to 18) in plain Grey or Striped Flannels, or Tweed mixtures, are $28, and in Blue Cheviot or Glenurquhart Plaids up to $35. Boys' Shirts (collar sizes 12½ to 14½) are $1.75 to $4.75.

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duction. He's a tremendous draw. They pay his salary and we get five per cent if it comes in. *Mr. Detweiler!*" In answer to Bee's call, the stranger got up and joined them in the back of the house. "Mrs. Oliver, may I present Mr. Detweiler, the producer of Billy's play."

Mr. Detweiler lit a stump of cigar, revealing a young and haggard face. "Hello, Momma," he said. "What you think of the kid? Good, huh?" Misinterpreting Mrs. Oliver's silence and facial expression, he went on, "Yeah, sure, I know it stinks here and there. That's why I've sent for the author."

"The *author!*" Bee Grahame's tone was full of fear and hate. "Where's the author going to sleep, may I ask? Who's going to feed him?"

"Kid, don't be like that." After peering into Bee's implacable face, Mr. Detweiler evidently decided to carry the argument to Mrs. Oliver. "Look, Momma, you got a piece of this dump, ain't you?" he asked, hoarsely. "O.K. You stand to make a nice coupla hundred for yourself when we bring this in. Now, you ain't gonna bugger this whole thing up on account of the lousy author, are you, now?"

"*Quiet back there quiet I say God damn it!*" Billy Billings, trembling with rage, was peering blindly out into the orchestra, trying to shield his eyes from the footlights.

"O.K., Billy boy, O.K. Just a little business talk. We're going." Mr. Detweiler urgently guided the two women out to the moonlit green lawn. "You see how he is. Temperamental. Another Orson Welles. The things I've been through!" He wiped his face with a bright-blue handkerchief that had been peeping out of his breast pocket.

"I'll just remind you of our agreement, Mr. Detweiler," Bee Grahame said, in a tone which would have done for Lady Macbeth's sleepwalking scene. "We furnish the theatre, build the set, pay for the advertising, pay a minimum salary to your cast, except Mr. Billy Godalmighty Billings, and pay for everybody's room and board. And in return we get five per cent, if and when. For that kind of money, Mr. Detweiler, the author doesn't even get a ham sandwich from the Wee Barn on the Hill, and that's final."

"But look what we do for you," Mr. Detweiler said. "The kid acts The kid directs. One of the biggest draws in radio. I wouldn't have got him for a lousy five hundred except he's worried they won't appreciate him on

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the radio unless he's a dramatic star."

"The kid stinks," Bee said.

"Your house will be full all week. You'll make a small fortune," Mr. Detweiler said. "Listen, I wouldn't have signed away my shirt to get a production right away unless I had to. I know what I've got here. When the critics get a look at that scene where the kid's pants fall down, I'm *in*. I can buy *ten* summer theatres like this, and use them to—well. But look. Already my backer—a name you'd know, too, in wholesale dress manufacturing—already he's asking what the hell. We've put up for the play, Eddie, he says, where's the play? What does he know about my troubles? Look. *I've scraped up for an extension of the option out of my own pocket.* I'll be frank. With me it's from hunger, like the guy says." Mr. Detweiler laughed hollowly, obviously trying to play on their heartstrings.

"Don't get off the subject," Bee said. "Mrs. Oliver and I have heard that sort of stuff before."

"But the worst part of it," Mr. Detweiler said, plunging ahead, "is the kid. This is positively the kid's last kid part. He's growing up. Look at him. Next year it wouldn't be cute when his pants fell down."

"No author on *our* expense account," Bee Grahame said.

"But he's coming. He's on his way. Tomorrow he's here. I haven't got for his room and board, for all I know he hasn't got a cent in his pocket. He's just a poor little jerk, teaches in some college. So you'll let him starve?"

MRS. OLIVER, her curiosity aroused by something Mr. Detweiler had said, tiptoed back into the barn, unnoticed by Bee and Mr. Detweiler. Surely this Billings person was completely grown up? She wanted to look again.

"Gosh, what did guys do about girls in *your* day?" Billy Billings was saying to a tall, elderly man in evening clothes, evidently intended to be his father. "Gee whizz—look, you positively will have to get that cigarette business over and done with, and stand *still* while I pull up my socks. It's a sure laugh. Gee whizz—*Props! Property man!*"

A tall, frightened male apprentice scuttled onstage.

"Look, I told you the stretch positively must be out of these garters before dress rehearsal!" Billy shouted. "They must fall down. I can't *pull* them down. It's in the script that they fall down. I can learn eighty sides in four days, I can *direct* this lousy thing, but I can't be expected to take the stretch out of

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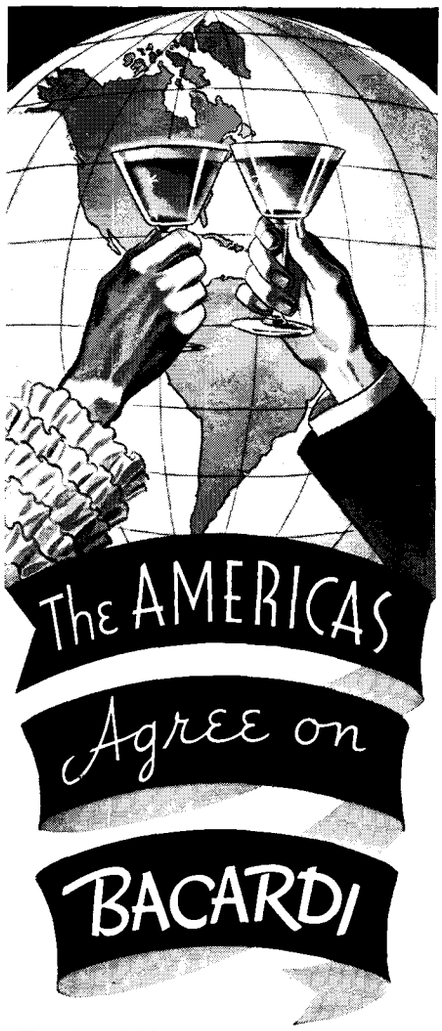

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garters. Isn't there *anybody* else? Oh, God! Oh, God!" Mrs. Oliver, fearful that the blond young man was about to give way to a *crise de larmes*, tiptoed out.

Bee and Mr. Detweiler had not noticed her departure, nor did they notice her return. Bee was speaking slowly, categorically, as if she were planning a picnic. "First thing tomorrow I'll call Equity," she said. "This is the last job you'll do in the theatre, Eddie Detweiler. I hope you've kept paid up in the billposters' union, because this is positively the last dirty trick you'll play. The author. The *author!*"

"Look, kid," Mr. Detweiler said. "Look at the agreement. Is it in our side of the agreement to take care of the lousy author? No. So, naturally, why shouldn't you contribute a little something? Isn't it reasonable?"

Fleetingly, it occurred to Mrs. Oliver to tell them that the author could sleep on a cot in her sewing room. Then she realized that the argument could not be settled that way. Indeed, she realized that, in her sense of the word, it was not an argument at all. "Good night," she breathed at Bee and Mr. Detweiler, and went home to bed.

—Barbara Anne Fuller

•

Suits asking a total of $10,000 damages were filed yesterday in the Wyandotte County District court in behalf of four Negroes against a carnival which operated Monday and Tuesday nights in the Fairfax district. The show was closed by court order Wednesday for presenting allegedly indecent performances.

The petitions said the Negroes were denied admittance to shows billed as a Nudist camp, French casino, and a Night in Chinatown because of their race. They asserted that refusal made them "sick at heart, irritable, and caused them loss of appetite and several nights of sleep."—*Kansas City Times.*

And when you don't get your sleep, you're simply no good.

•

The Rev. Henry P. Judd, honorary member of the Waikiki Rotary Club, spoke at the weekly luncheon in the Green Lantern café yesterday and said that the social welfare of the people of Tahiti would be greatly advanced if the United States took possession of the islands.

The Rev. Mr. Judd pointed out the similarity of Tahiti's flora and fauna to that of Hawaii. He also said that the quality of the Tahitian hula is greater because of the speed in execution which is easily ten times as fast as the hula here.—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

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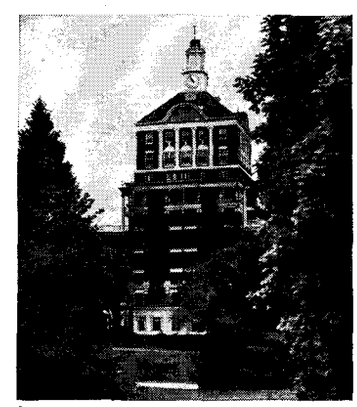
MOUNTAIN COOLNESS AT THE HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS



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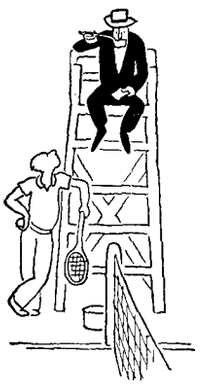
THE TENNIS COURTS

Dissenting Opinion

THIS department is not above squabbling with the view expressed in the public prints and on clubhouse terraces that Frank Kovacs was playing at the top of his game against Bobby Riggs in the final at Southampton last week. Kovacs, you will recall, lost in straight sets, 6–2, 6–2, 6–3, and was said to have been brilliant in defeat. Riggs, observers have it, was simply too hot to be denied. Well, he was hot and who's denying it, but there were a lot of errors by Kovacs that will have to be explained before this voter will fall in line. Time after time he went to the net to put the ball away with an easy volley and then put it so far away that the linesman said "Hoat!" without waiting for it to land. There was also the matter of the backhand cross-court shot which Kovacs usually slaps so happily to where his opponent isn't, but which on Saturday he was netting chronically. Then again, there was the failure of his first serve to function as it had the day before against Schroeder. He scored an occasional ace with it against Riggs, but generally he scored a decisive fault, which was entirely his own doing and not the result of any wizardry on the part of the little fellow across the net.



If that's all clear now, it's probably the graceful thing to do to admit that Riggs was going great guns. His errors were few indeed, and his strategy was flawless. "I figured there was one thing he was better at than me, and that was his backhand," Riggs said after the match. "So I kept the ball away from his backhand as much as possible." All in all, the former champ's determination these days is something awesome. He's playing a faster game than last year, but at the same time a more cautious one. He covers ground with the perseverance of a Labrador retriever and chases balls that even a retriever couldn't hope to get his racket on. He has also regained that old autocracy in dealing with mere officials. At one point last Saturday a linesman confessed that he hadn't been able to see whether a Riggs forehand drive had landed in or out. Dr. William Rosenbaum, in the umpire's chair, relayed this dreadful fact to Riggs. "How about you?" said Riggs. "I didn't see it either," said the Doctor. "Nice going," said Riggs, and wearily played the point over.

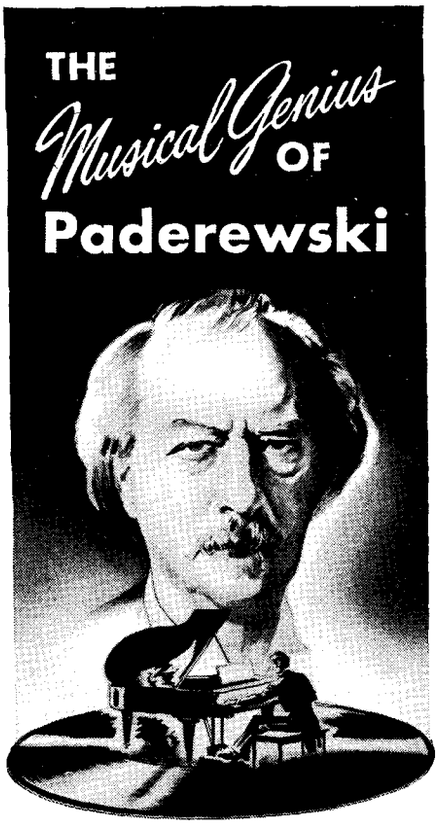
With the restoration of all the sturdy qualities that once won him the title, Riggs seems to be on the way back. McNeill, who unseated him last year, was away from Southampton taking an examination to become a G-man, so there was no chance to determine whether the poor showing McNeill made the week before at Sea Bright was a temporary lapse or indicative of his form for 1941. In any case, Riggs has already announced that it is principally Kovacs he fears this year, and last Saturday's match must have soothed him some.

AT East Hampton, meanwhile, the ladies were entertaining at the Maidstone Club, which is celebrating its golden jubilee this summer. Pauline Betz, who beat Hope Knowles in the final, probably doesn't measure up to a lot of former winners of the club's invitation tournament. Helen Wills won it in 1926, the first year it was played, and she was followed by Molla Mallory and Betty Nuthall. Any of these girls, even now that they have passed their girlhood, would have been a threat this year if she'd dug up a pair of shorts and had a go at it. —D. E. L.

•

Honeymoon, honeymoon, where shall I go on my honeymoon? History has a tantalizing way of raising a curtain for a moment, then letting it fall again. Look steadfastly into the past and you will see four sturdy mountaineers trudging up the West Virginia Alleghenies. They carry a rude litter for fifteen long, slow miles. Time and again they set it down so that they may rest and though the woman who lies on it is in pain she is refreshed by the beauty of the countryside. We cannot see if she is young or old, fair or plain. All we know is that she is their kinswoman, her name is Mrs. Anderson and she is suffering from rheumatism. Friendly Indians have told her that there is a spring high in these hills and that it has been known to cure. So Mrs. Anderson is carried to it and bathes in its waters, warmed by fire heated stones, then poured into the trunk of a tree felled and hollowed for the purpose. A few days later Mrs. Anderson is cured and the curtain falls forever on her and her cousins descending the hills. But we have seen in this little tableau the first white cured at White Sulphur Springs. The year was 1778.—*From an adv. in House Beautiful.*

How's that honeymoon coming along?



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE perennial problem of dining space in small apartments, and often in fairly sizable ones, for that matter, pops up again as fall looms and the yearly urge to try living somewhere else for a while hits the populace in earnest. On account of this the studio of Paul Bry, at 25 West 54th Street, has been putting in some intensive work on arrangements which will convert typical waste space, such as tiny alcoves and entrance halls, into spots in which a meal for more than two people can be served and eaten comfortably, sometimes even with elbow room to spare.

The trick is done mainly with ingenious built-in tables, their shape, size, and mechanical features dictated by the space available. Some of them can be stretched from tiny to generous proportions with less trouble than it takes to set up a bridge table, others swivel out from the wall so that chairs may be ranged about them, and still others seem to appear magically out of nowhere when needed. One installation which can be put up almost anywhere is a table that lets down from the wall. When closed up it looks like any ordinary panel, for it is recessed so it is flush with the wall and is painted or papered and framed with molding to match the rest of the room. If you want to splurge a little, you can have it dressed up with a mural painting. The panel is invisibly hinged at the bottom; when you open the thing, sections of the molding spring out to make table legs at the end away from the wall. The raw wall space that's exposed when the table is in use may be mirrored.

Where dimensions are ample enough, the studio favors using a narrow table that juts out from a wall, ready to seat five people as is and six or eight when extended. This looks built-in, for one end, which is square, sets flush against the wall and the strut supporting it is almost invisible. The outer end is rounded and is supported by a pedestal. A matching pedestal supports a smaller, console table which also has one rounded end. For dinner parties both tables can be pulled away from their walls and joined together to make a single big one. These are custom jobs and can therefore be done in any wood. If you want something ready-made in a table that makes a console large enough for a big buffet spread and can also be used for dining, there's a very long and very narrow one that comes in three woods—mahogany, walnut, or bleached oak—for $85. The long side ordinarily goes against the wall, and stays that way for buffet service; to make a dining table, you pull the two ends out and then swing them on swivels until they come together, providing a table surface half as long but twice as wide. Catch on? Extra extension leaves are available, and the size of the table is limited only by the room you can give it.

BECAUSE it's a good long time since anything worth mentioning has happened to the design of clocks, the ado at W. & J. Sloane over their new collection of clocks turned out by Accessory Timepiece is thoroughly justified. There certainly are clocks in this group for every taste, and novelty constitutes only a fraction of their charm. Some of the very best are in ancient cases which originally had nothing whatever to do with clocks but seem so suited to the purpose that you wonder it took this long for someone to see it. An old Chinese pewter tea canister with brass inlay work makes one case. It has been given a carved base and a swooping pagoda top of teakwood, has a dark face with metal flowers forming numerals, and costs $85. A rare twelve-inch faïence bowl, in gold leaf with scattered rosebuds in color, frames a gold-leaf dial with green numerals and hands and makes the kind of wall clock that doesn't grow on every bush. Along the same lines, there's a tiny clock set into a jewel-like Chinese plate in turquoise enamel on metal, with iridescent enamel decorations, and a teakwood stand to hold it upright on a writing desk or bedside table. It is $125, and even more ornamental than I can make it sound.

For modernists, a big wall clock built out of a glass cogwheel, and for anyone with an eye for dramatic effects in decoration I recommend a heroic white-plaster version of the familiar, old-fashioned sunburst clock. Its convex white face, which has bold black Roman numerals, is surrounded by cloud puffs from

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which the rays of the sun radiate more sharply and jaggedly than those of the gilded eighteenth-century originals you find everywhere. As you can see, there is a great deal of variety in this collection, and more than enough imagination to go around. The clocks work, too.

FURTHERMORE: Doggie Stake, the stern device for keeping restless pups at home which was described here some weeks ago, seems to have gone over mightily, and no doubt I should have anticipated the arrival of a thing called Baby Anchor hard on its heels. Baby Anchor is now in our midst, selling for $3.95 at Hammacher Schlemmer, and probably giving the S.P.C.C. something of a turn. The thing consists of a weight too heavy to be budged by the average youngster of seven or less, with a length of rope attached to it; the child is attached at the other end. The feeding dish which is standard equipment in the dog version has been omitted from this team mate, but nursery decorations are painted on the weight for Baby to look at while serving out his time. My guess is that Baby isn't going to be in much of a mood for art, but then maybe my viewpoint on the whole thing is warped.

Reports on that poison spray for crabgrass in lawns are coming in, and there's some difference of opinion about it. The most enthusiastic users are those whose lawns are both small and not badly infested with the weed. Gardeners who have sprayed large areas with the poison claim they'd rather have crabgrass after all than great patches burned brown by the spray, evidently a necessary evil of this method of elimination. What I'm watching for now is results from that new, rakelike attachment for lawnmowers which yanks the crabgrass flower heads upright so that they can be sheared off by the mower before they have a chance to go to seed and spread the pest. Since crabgrass is an annual weed, renewing itself by seed, this thing may prove effective to some degree. It's $1.50 at Lewis & Conger, and the time to try it out is right now. —B. B.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Tom Meany in PM*]

The Indians had a chance in mid-May to put open water between themselves and the Yanks, who still were trying to find themselves. Instead, Cleveland went into a tailspin of its own, stalling badly and giving the Yanks a chance to catch their breath. And now the shoe is on the other foot. The Yanks are in front again, with the throttle open and the gas pedal on the floor.

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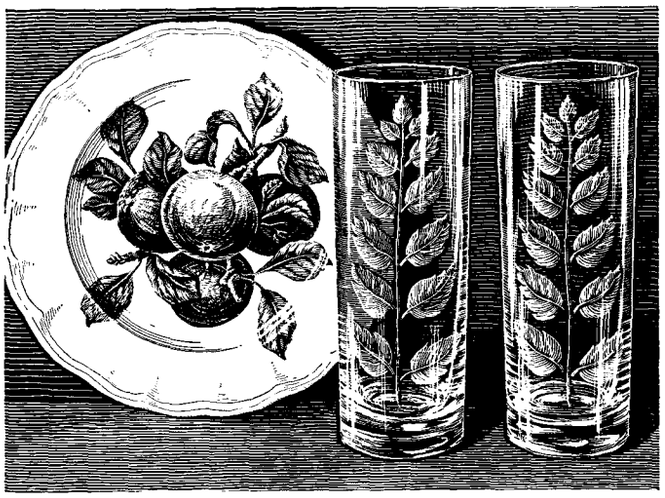

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OF ALL THINGS

AS Sumner Welles points out, France is too hospitable to strangers these days. The slogan "They shall not pass" has been changed to "Come and get it."

•

The news from Russia seems to indicate that the German army has achieved great stability. It now wins its glorious victories at the same place for several weeks at a time.

•

A while ago, Berlin announced that the road to Moscow was wide open. If not to Herr Hitler, at least to Harry Hopkins.

•

In accordance with Il Duce's wishes, the Italians paid no attention to his fifty-eighth birthday. He doesn't want people to get the idea that he is an over-age destroyer.

•

The political career of Nucky Johnson, the boss of Atlantic City, has reached its end. Sooner or later, we all have to bow to that Grim Reaper, the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

•

The patriotic American woman will submit cheerfully to the decree of parachutes instead of stockings. She will only regret that she has but two legs to give to her country.

•

The Vice-President has been made head of the important Economic Defence Board. Here is another big step toward the abolition of unemployment

•

District Attorney Dewey will retire to private life at the end of his term Thereafter, he will read a good book with one eye on Albany and the other on Washington.

•

Publishers claim that the Federal Communications Commission has no right to inquire into newspaper ownership of broadcasting stations. They say these quiz programs are getting to be a bore.

•

The gasoline curfew rule is not expected to reduce night driving appreciably. What we probably need is a Constitutional amendment prohibiting headlights. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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I WISH WE'D TURNED BACK AT THE BORDER

Miss Julia Prescott, who normally taught the fifth grade in P.S. 145, Queens Borough, lay asleep in a hotel bedroom in Mexico City, dreaming of home. In her dreams an unearthly beauty lay over the familiar streets of Flushing, and when the telephone snatched this vision from her she could have wept with nostalgia.

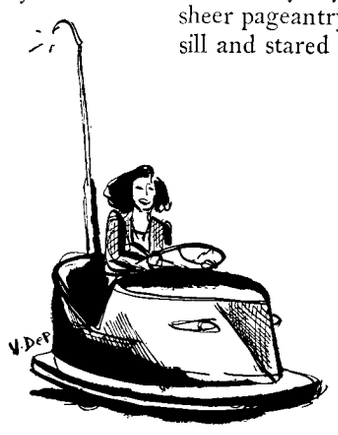
"Yes?" she said, and her hand trembled, because each time the telephone rang she expected it to be somebody from the American Embassy telling her that a revolution had begun and her life was in danger.

"Mees Prrescott?" It was only the boy at the desk downstairs. "The maid would like to come in now and open the beds."

"That's perfectly absurd!" Julia said. "Why, it isn't even six yet. She can wait till we go out for dinner."

"Yes, Mees Prrescott. Thank you," the boy said, and hung up.

"The very idea!" Julia said. She sat on the edge of her bed and bristled. The maid was a fat, smiling Indian woman who didn't speak a word of English, and she seemed to Julia to spend most of her time in the room. It was true that she hadn't stolen anything yet, but of course she was going to, sooner or later. That was why she came in so often—just to find out where everything was kept. As a maid, she was hopeless; she forgot to change the towels and her notion of cleaning the room was to wander for five or ten minutes in vague circles, holding a dustpan and broom in her hands, and then to say "*Gracias*" and disappear. As for the way she made beds, it was outrageous; every night, Julia and her friend Carole Winch had to make them all over again. But wanting to come in at half past five in the afternoon was something new. "Honestly!" said Julia, and looked at her watch.



It was later than she had thought—six-fifteen—and Carole wasn't back yet. With a tragic premonition, Julia picked up the phone again.

"This is Miss Prescott, Room 80," she said. "I wonder if you have any idea what time the bullfights generally stop? It's after six, and Miss Winch isn't—"

"She is just coming in now, Mees Prrescott. Can I tell the maid—"

"No, you can *not!*" Julia banged the phone down into its cradle and went to the window. She wanted to have a good, clear view of Carole's face as she entered, and so she pulled the Venetian blind up as far as it would go, letting in a flood of cold, gray evening light. She shivered. It looked like rain again, and she'd always thought of Mexico as a perpetual blaze of sunlight.

A key turned in the lock, the door was flung open, and Carole walked in, swinging her hat in her left hand and carrying in her right a stick with a jagged barb at one end and frills of colored paper at the other. She did not look pale and sick at all; she was smiling, and Julia thought, with the little jealous pang that she could never repress, what a pretty girl Carole was—much *too* pretty, really, for a kindergarten teacher.

"My dear," Carole cried, before she was actually inside the room, "you don't *know* what you missed!" She dropped her hat and the stick on the dressing table and crossed the room to the window. "How's the headache? Better?"

Julia had forgotten the headache, but she sighed and said, "I'm afraid it's a little worse, if anything."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry!" But Carole didn't really sound sorry. "You'll have to come, too, next week. I tell you, Julia, you have no idea how thrilling—"

"You don't mean to say you're going to another!" Julia gazed at her with honest horror.

"I most certainly am. I wish they had them every day. The drama, Julia! The sheer pageantry!" Carole leaned on the sill and stared off, above the little park, above the treetops and rooftops, at the cloudy sky. "Death in the afternoon," she said dreamily. "Mayhico! There I was, right *there*, seeing a bullfight with my own eyes. I still can't believe it. Gosh!" she said, and collapsed on her bed in astonishment.

Julia stayed at the window, looking down aggrievedly at the park, which was swarming with Mexicans. A young couple on a bench made shameless love; four little girls screamed shrilly and sailed a stick of wood in the fountain; five or six boys, tangled in a knot, were wrestling on the grass, and, as far as Julia could see, they were the same boys who'd been

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wrestling, in exactly the same spot, at lunchtime. There were fat mothers with babies, and old men sitting quite still, and swarthy youths in flashy clothes who strolled about and looked sinister. A barrel organ on the corner was playing, for the thousandth time, "Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, How You Can Love!"

"If this is Mexico," Julia remarked, "you can have it."

"Oh, don't be so mean. Just because you have a headache—" Carole sighed. "Gee, Julia, I certainly wish you'd come!"

"Well, I'm glad I didn't. You can't tell me they *all* liked it. Miss Steffens, and Lucy May, and Peggy."

"But they adored it. Simply adored it. Lucy May did scream when the first bull came out, and Peggy said she wished there wasn't so much blood, but I loved the whole thing. Every minute of it."

"The *first* bull! How many were there, for heaven's sake?"

"My dear, there were *seven!* Seven bulls they killed this afternoon. Of course, the last one was sort of an extra, he was kind of a skinny bull without much fight, and the fighter wasn't so good either. It was his first time, I guess, and he took just simply ages to kill the poor thing. But—"

"Carole Winch!" Julia turned and stared at her. "You mean you *stayed* all the way through?"

"Well, naturally. You couldn't have dragged me away. My dear, just the costumes they wore, alone! Satin and gold braid—I've never seen anything like it. And they looked so cute with their little pigtails. And *hand*some! Wait till I show you." She jumped up and took from her pocketbook a postcard, which she handed to Julia. "Isn't he just about the best-looking thing you ever saw? I said to Lucy May he ought to be in the movies. And he's just a child, my dear, not more than eighteen or nineteen. I've never seen anything so gallant in all my life, the way he stood out there waving the cloak with the bull charging right *at* him. And he didn't have anything, not even a sword. He just waved the cloak. It was like a dance," she said solemnly, "like the most beautiful dance I've ever seen."

"But how did he kill the bull then?" Julia asked. She held the card gingerly, though she couldn't deny the boy was quite good-looking, in a greasy, dark-skinned way.

"Oh, that was later, much later. They just wave a cloak first and get the bull good and mad. And then the men come in on their horses and they

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stick spears into the bull. That was the part I didn't like so much; they were so fat, those men—why, they were perfectly tremendous! The picadors, I guess you call them. And then they go out and some more men come in with —oh, but I haven't *shown* you!" She ran over to the dressing table and picked up the barbed stick. "They come in with these, and they make the bull run at them, and then they stand up on their toes—like this—and then they stick them into the bull's neck—like this." Carole lifted both arms, rising on her toes, and struck downward sharply. "It was wonderful! Only, after that was when there really got to be quite a lot of blood, and Peggy thought she was going to faint."

"Disgusting!" Julia said.

"I was so thrilled when I got hold of one of these things. A bandillo, it's called, or a bandillera, or something. It was really used—you can still see the blood on it. The boy I sat next to got hold of it for me. I don't know *how* much he had to pay."

Julia turned and regarded her tragically. "You certainly have changed," she said. "Ever since we crossed the border you've just been sort of disintegrating, Carole. . . . And take that vile thing *away!* It makes me feel sick."

"But if you'd been there, Julia, you'd feel like I do. If you could have just seen the real climax of it! The boy, the one I got the picture of, he comes out with his cloak and a sword, and he goes into that kind of dance again, and then, when he gets the bull in the right position, he sticks the sword in. And if he sticks it in good and hard, the poor old bull begins to wobble, and keels right over, and dies." She laughed excitedly. "I can hardly wait till next Sunday."

Julia sighed. "Carole," she said, "I've been thinking. We've seen just about all there *is* to see in Mexico City, and I'd sort of like to—well, to head back for home. Before anything terrible happens."

"But Julia!" Carole looked at her aghast. "We've only been here five days! And we haven't been *any*where yet!"

"I know, but—" Julia looked out of the window again. The little girls were now wading in the fountain and splashing one another. The barrel organ had switched to "South of the Border." "I just have an awful feeling, Carole, that a revolution's going to start any minute. And—"

"Oh, Julia!" Carole sat down in disgust on the bench by the dressing table. "Talk about *me* being changed. You're the one who's changed! Right

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VIVA! MEXICAN HAMBURGER!

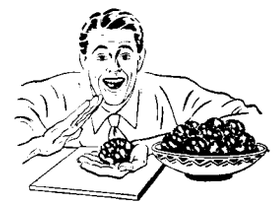
(Prize winning recipe submitted by Bernard Godfrey, New Haven, Conn.)

SOUTH OF the Rio Grande you'd probably call them *Albóndigas*, but homegrown *hombres* hereabouts call them Mexican Hamburgers—and call for them again and again when they're made this simple way:

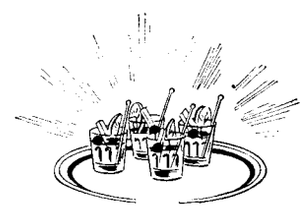
But first, the meat—and that calls for two pounds of fresh-ground beef (*fresh-ground* makes a big difference in taste because, you see, the full cut of the meat will hold its flavor right up to the time it's ground. For that matter, Three Feathers Whiskey is also Flavor-Protected, but we'll come to that later).

Let's see, now, where were we? Oh, yes —place the meat in a mixing bowl, mince into it one onion and one clove of garlic (and one is plenty, brother). Toss in a teaspoon of vinegar and two tablespoons of butter. Salt and pepper it, mix it all up good, then let it stand awhile—giving the seasoning a chance to soak in.

All this time, no doubt, your honored, not to say famished, guests have been standing awhile too — so give *them* a break . . . with as flavorful a *drink* as Mexican Hamburger is a feast: Three Feathers Old Fashioned Cocktails! Set out the Old Fashioned glasses and into each drop a lump of sugar, three good dashes of Angostura bitters and a squirt of club soda. Mash the sugar, add two or three ice cubes, garnish with sliced pineapple stick, and cherry—then fill the glasses full to the brim with smooth Three Feathers, the whiskey that's Flavor-Protected! And what a deliciously different Old Fashioned Cocktail Three Feathers does make! Different because Flavor-Protection brings out, to the full, Three Feathers' finer, richer flavor.



So sorry we have to tear you away from your enjoyable drink for the time being—but that bowl of Mexican Hamburger needs your further ministrations—so, not *mañana*, but *now*—Shape the meat into balls, flatten them, dip them into egg yolk beaten with a little water and give them a good flavor-protecting coating of bread crumbs. Then pop them under the broiler until they sizzle and snap to brown, juicy, crispy-crusted succulence. *Amigos!*—the moment you bite into your first forkfull of Mexican Hamburger you just *know* you've made a brand new flavor-discovery! Just as, when you down



your last luscious swallow of a Three Feathers Old Fashioned, you discover that the *final* sip tastes every bit as flavorful as the *first*—and you can certainly thank Flavor-Protected Three Feathers for that!

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from the start of this trip you've been nothing but a kill-joy. I didn't expect the others to like Mayhico, but you're my very best friend, and I did think—why, *they* even went to the bullfight."

JULIA closed the window with a bang. She thought if she had to listen to that barrel organ any longer, she'd scream. "I guess you're right, Carole," she said tremulously. "I've been terribly selfish. But I can't help it. I simply don't *care* for Mexico."

"Did you think it was going to be just like Flushing?" Carole asked.

Julia looked at her reproachfully. "I'll tell you what I'll do," she said. "I'll let you have the car—you can stay down here just as long as you like—and I'll take the train home." She felt relieved and very noble; it was the perfect solution.

"Oh, Julia!" Carole said again, but sadly this time. "Why, just think! It'll be years before we have enough saved up to take another trip like this."

"I wish I'd gone to the Adirondacks, the way I always do. I wish we'd turned back at the border."

"If you aren't the limit!" Carole swung around and began to study her reflection in the mirror. "You know, Julia, it's just nonsense about the revolution. The boy I sat next to at the fight, he said it was perfectly ridiculous, Nazi propaganda or something. And he's been down here three whole weeks already. He can speak Spanish, too, so he ought to know."

"I don't care, I want to go home."

Carole continued to stare at herself in the mirror. "Julia," she said, "do you think I look anything at all like Carole Lombard? The boy I sat next to said my name *had* to be Carole, because I looked just like her."

"You told your name to a perfect stranger?" Julia said helplessly. "At a bullfight?"

"He isn't a perfect stranger. He's one of the boys who sat across the dining room from us last night. You know, the cute one, with the crew cut. Besides, he lives right there in Bayside. It certainly is a small world. I come all the way down to Mayhico, and go to a bullfight, and sit right next to a boy from Bayside."

"First you get a crush on a bullfighter, and then on a—on an infant from Bayside."

"Crush! Don't be silly! And anyway, he's in his last year at Harvard Business School, so he's probably older than I am. A couple of years, at least." She turned her head from side to side,

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appraisingly. "I wonder if I could fix my hair like Carole Lombard's. I guess it would be too obvious, right after he said that."

Julia crossed the room and sat heavily on her bed. "I suppose you're going out with him tonight," she said drearily, and felt more neglected than ever. She didn't really care for Miss Steffens and Lucy May and Peggy, and now she'd have to spend the whole evening playing bridge with them.

"Well, yes, I am." Carole tore herself from the mirror and turned around. "That's why it's too bad about your headache and feeling the way you do, because Bill—that's his name—he has a friend with him and I sort of fixed up with them that the friend would take *you* out. I want you to start having a good time too, Julia darling."

Julia was so surprised and touched that she couldn't speak for a minute. Then she said, "You're sweet." She was afraid she would start to cry. "You make me feel—well, just plain guilty, Carole."

"Look." Carole leaned forward. "Why don't you take an aspirin and come? If you just stop worrying and get the *feel* of Mayhico, I know you'll have a good time. And he's an awfully nice fellow, too. The tall, thin one, you know, with glasses. He's about your age and he has a good job, too, back in New York—he's a lawyer or an advertising man or something. *I* think it's a chance you shouldn't miss."

"Honestly, Carole!" Now Julia couldn't help laughing. "Aren't you terrible!"

"Well, we have to be practical, don't we?"

"But we couldn't walk out on Miss Steffens, and Lucy May, and—"

"I don't see why not. Just between you and me, I'm so sick of those three I could die! The way they carried on at the bullfight! Just typical *turistas*—you could see it a mile away."

"Well—" Julia pressed one hand to her forehead. "It's not such a terribly bad headache. Maybe I'm just hungry."

"Of course! That's all it is! I'll call the boys' room right away and tell them you're coming."

Julia's spirits rose as she watched Carole put the call through. He looked quite respectable, the thin young man with glasses, and she imagined she'd be able to discuss books with him. Having a man to protect her, maybe she wouldn't mind Mexico so much. And it really was sweet and thoughtful of Carole. They would go to Sanborn's,

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probably, where one *knew* the food was clean and wholesome, and after that just come back to the hotel and have a nice, long, comfortable talk about home.

"Bill?" Carole was saying. "This is Carole. It's all right, Bill. Julia says she'd just love to come. Meet you downstairs in half an hour? . . . Right. And, oh, Bill, what do you think we ought to wear? . . . Oh. Oh, I see. That's *marvellous!* I can hardly wait! 'Bye, now." She hung up and turned around. "We better wear our oldest clothes and not take any valuables with us, Bill says. Rings or watches or anything like that. We're going to a place where they serve real Mexican food, and no other *turistas* ever go there. It's way down somewhere near the Thieves' Market. Isn't that wonderful?"

Julia didn't say anything. She just sat there, wishing they'd turned back at the border. —DAN WICKENDEN

•

What is sweeter than the perfume of sun-ripened strawberries and what so stirs remembrance in the heart? Perhaps it is memories of tea in an old English garden with a wreath of crimson, unhulled strawberries on a white and gold Staffordshire plate with little silver bowls of sugar and clotted cream. Or it may be of dinner under a hedge of white lilacs in Normandy, ending with a wicker basket of wild, wood strawberries nested in beech leaves and eaten with cream slightly turned by the first thunder of summer. Or, and most poignant of all, perhaps, it brings back the memory of the strawberry festival of other days, the mid-summer gala night of nearly every town and village of the America of fifty years ago. It would be a soft June night, sweet with syringa and roses; candle-lighted orange lanterns would swing from dark trees, turning the leaves of oak and maple into bronze and flooding with gold the white-draped tables beneath. Pompadoured women—their rustling taffeta skirts protected by stiffly starched, lace-trimmed white aprons tied about their ample waists—presided at enormous cut-glass bowls overflowing with great, luscious strawberries . . . —*American Home Magazine.*

Look out, everybody, that cream is turning again!

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Evening Star*]

Guy Greer of the research and statistics division of the Federal Reserve Board discussed post-defense economic problems and declared that "if we escape inflation, the entire cost of defense will be in effect additional saving in the sense that this portion of the national income will have been withheld from normal consumption or investment."

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THE RACE TRACK

Buster Boy—Special Special

WHATEVER faults the races for two-year-olds at Saratoga may have, monotony is not one of them. For example, on the opening day of the meeting, Amphitheatre beat Buster in the Flash; in the United States Hotel Stakes last Saturday it was the other way around. Despite this let's-play-tag business, it might be well to recollect that although the colts met at even weights in the Flash, Amphitheatre gave Buster three pounds in the United States Hotel Stakes, and that while handicapping is far from an exact science, weight does make a difference. Besides, Buster finished so stoutly in the Flash that he might have won it if the distance had been six instead of five and a half furlongs, and the United States Hotel Stakes was at six furlongs. So you see how easy it is to explain, after it's all over, the reason a winner who paid $16.10 was overlooked. Horse-players can carry on a post-mortem like this for hours.

Don't get the impression that Requested, who had not lost a race in weeks, didn't run well in the United States Hotel Stakes. He carried ten pounds more than Buster and was in the thick of things throughout. Some Chance, on the other hand, seemed to miss Sun Again, his running mate in other races, to whom he usually finishes second.

Shut Out, my tip, was scratched. He won earlier in the afternoon, though, so you really can't give me a black mark. In case I haven't mentioned it before, Shut Out, whose parents are Equipoise and Goose Egg, is one of the better-named young racers. Admirers of Shut Out, Buster, and Amphitheatre are likely to see them in the Saratoga Special this weekend.

HORSEMEN who go in a lot for remembrance of things past agree that more good horses have won the Special than any other American race for two-year-olds. Whirlaway, Bimelech, and El Chico were the last three winners. Then there were Red Rain and Coldstream, who ran a dead heat; Top Flight, Jamestown, Whichone, Blue Larkspur, and, going farther back, Sun Briar, Regret, Colin, Sysonby, and Irish Lad. There have been off years, but the race usually works out as a good index of quality.

The Special has another distinction: it is the only real sweepstakes run nowadays, for in no other does the winner take all the prize money. A subscription to the Special costs $250, and each subscription entitles the owner to name three horses. He may name them as late as the first week in June, by which time he ought to know how good his stock is, but only one of the three may run. The starting fee is an additional $250. There is no limit to the number of subscriptions an owner may take, though. Mrs. Ethel Mars and Walter Chrysler, Jr., have three apiece of the forty taken for this year's race; Mrs. Payne Whitney, Warren Wright, and W. E. Boeing have two each. Ben Whitaker, who had no idea that his Requested would turn out so well, didn't take any. He'll probably get one next year and not have a colt like Requested to run in it. Racing is like that.

THE weather seems to matter more at Saratoga than at most tracks; last week the intermittent rain upset form and everything else. If your interest in horses is something more than academic, you'd better be familiar with the footing they like to run on. I don't intend to expound on the subject again, but you can make a note in your betting book that Fenelon does not go well on a rough, drying-out track. He ran as though he loathed it in the Wilson Stakes, in which Parasang led all the way. It was quite another story in the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, which was run over a fast track, although Fenelon had all he could do to beat Andy K. In Andy K., by the way, you have a horse deserving of sympathy. He has come back to the races almost as good as he was before he went lame, only to be caught between those rollicking Belair stablemates—Foxbrough, who beat him a fortnight ago at Empire City, and Fenelon.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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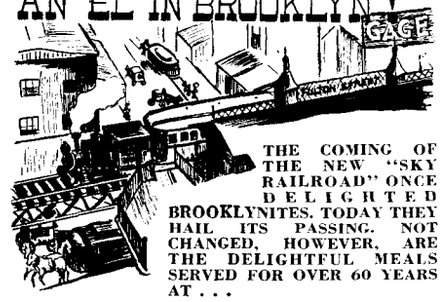

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THE craze for rural dining seems to last just so long, no matter at what point in the season it strikes you. People who reach for a road map when they sight their first crocus are likely to have had enough by Labor Day, and slow starters are apt to keep heading countryward long after it's pitch dark at six and fireplaces are fire places again. Whichever group you're in, now is the time, and if autumn finds you still hounding the horizon, most of the places I have in mind will be equally good then. Long Island got its two cents' worth here last week, you may remember, so now we'll head North and West.

Although most country restaurants are touting whatever outdoors they have, the Red Coach Tavern, at Closter, New Jersey (Closter 606), doesn't offer any at all. Here you're driven inside by floodlights that are flattering to the building's façade and very, very bad for your own and then given such good things to eat that you don't care where you are. The place has been taken over within the year by a Frenchman, and he is making quite a thing of it. On weekends roast turkey, roast beef, and roast duck are added to the regular menu, but why anyone should bother with such commonplaces in the face of the rest of the dishes I can't imagine. There's *entrecôte marchand de vin*, steak *au poivre*, and *châteaubriant pommes soufflées* all in a row to give you an idea how French it is; also *coq au vin*, rack of lamb *bouquetière*, and (especially for late supper) fine oddments like kidney *flambé*. The *paté* is exceptionally good, the wines are dealt with knowingly, and you can lead right up to a *soufflé Grand Marnier* should you feel like it. The place still looks a little like a hand-me-down, but that doesn't matter when they know enough to call lobster *à l'Armoricaine* by its right name for a change.

THE Bird and Bottle, on this side of the Hudson, at Garrison (Garrison 978), has been gone on about in these pages as an inn, but it's just as useful as a restaurant. The staff likes to take its time with everything, so don't try to rush it; the result is worth waiting for. The high spots of the menu are elegantly chalked on a blackboard which usually hangs on the wall inside, but somebody (likely as not your host) brings it outside these warm evenings and holds it up while you make a fairly difficult choice. Not having a photographic memory, I can't recall all I've seen on it, but there's beef from those gentleman-farmer herds around Amenia and Millbrook, chicken prepared in fabulous ways by a New Orleans cook, cream so thick it will scarcely pour, and heaven knows what all. Not only are the important dishes delicious but extras like corn bread are practically irresistible, so unless you have the capacity of a peasant you'd better ask in advance what accessories to expect. A swim in the spring-fed pool nearby wouldn't be a bad preparation for all this.

The Bedford Inn, at Bedford Village, up in northern Westchester (Bedford 596), was acquired not very long ago by the Pacciarellas, who used to be at Cobb's Mill Inn. Even if you get lost when you leave the Saw Mill River Parkway and arrive after the dining room is through for the night, they'll greet you cheerfully and give you a good dinner on the screened porch or in the panelled bar. The handsomely equipped kitchen produces, with the not inconsequential help of a chef, either plain charcoal-broiled steaks and chops or rich concoctions like sliced capon *glacé*, which involves broccoli, hollandaise, and a few other things I've lost track of. On hot nights you might like half an alligator pear filled with fresh shrimp salad or assorted cold meats with green bean salad; for those who eat hearty at all times there's grilled ham with apple fritters. The desserts are familiar ones—deep-dish fruit pies, butterscotch parfaits, chocolate peppermint ice cream, and so on. Incidentally, the two upper floors of the inn are a maze of flowered paper and maple furniture, in case you feel like spending a night or longer.

Emily Shaw's Inn, not far away, at Poundridge (Bedford Village 9371), has grown so you'd hardly recognize it. There's a new wing wagging the original building, with an air-conditioned, cellarish sort of room on the garden level and a great, high-ceilinged refectory above it. Even if you used to like the feeling that the place didn't amount to much more than a cosy bar, you'll forget to pout at the changes when you see the happy faces all around. The buffet they have on Thursday and Sunday nights and every day for lunch is as impressive as a first-rate smörgåsbord and,

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frankly, I find the things on it more satisfying because they are simpler and more familiar. I'm talking about roast meats, salads, bowls of cottage cheese (with and without chives)—go see for yourself. Bewitched ladies wander about the premises calling to one another to look at this or that old something, but the place really has charm, so I guess they can do it if they want to.

HERE AND THERE: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, across the Hudson again at Alpine (Closter 788), has been filling up the holes the draft made in its staff and can do better by you than it could at the start of the season. The terrace has the same dreamy view it's always had of lights blinking on at dusk over Yonkers way, and, what's new, an influx of foreigners all *tu-toi*ing the cats who live there and the dogs who come with the guests. . . . If honest French cooking in plain surroundings is what you like, don't forget La Bretagne, over the Connecticut border at Ridgefield (Ridgefield 899). . . . Dorlon's Shore House, appropriately near the Sound at Norwalk (Norwalk 2298), is a breezy place to go for lobster. . . . Dick Hayes' Place, on Central Avenue at White Plains, is a handy spot when you're bound for some sort of culture in the County Center across the way. . . . In case you've mislaid it, the telephone number of Clear Comfort, facing the Narrows at Rosebank, Staten Island, is St. George 7-1329; you can't find it in the book unless you look under Austen or Tate, which you almost certainly wouldn't. The ladies, Miss Austen and Miss Tate, who run this ancient homestead will produce an omelette or a salad any time you turn up, but you'll have to telephone a couple of hours ahead if you want steak or chicken or chops. The ice cream and cake are still homemade, the family souvenirs still abound, and the Narrows are still exciting even if the ships are drab these days. —SOUBISE

•

Suspension of a driving license for ten days has followed a young man's explanation that he kissed a girl while his auto proceeded 200 feet because he hadn't seen her for 10 days.—*Norwalk (Conn.) Hour.*

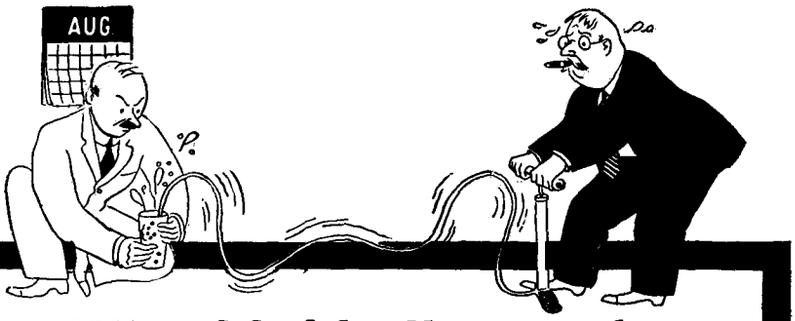
It's all so mathematical.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Camden (N.J.) South Jersey News*]

Schoenagle, instead of seeking business gain, chose Camden and remained an integral and enervating part of its business life until death.



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BOOKS

The Cossacks—Boy Meets Europe—Miss Bowen's Stories

THERE probably isn't much point in my mentioning this if you're pressed for time, but you might slip a note into your tickler file to remind you that a Brontosaurus of a novel, Mikhail Sholokhov's "The Silent Don," translated from the Russian by Stephen Garry and 1,331 pages long, is worth reading when you can get to it. "The Silent Don" (which, by the way, does not refer to a taciturn Spanish nobleman) is a covering title for two separate volumes: "And Quiet Flows the Don," brought out in America in 1934, and "The Don Flows Home to the Sea," now published here for the first time. The story is consecutive, but you can read either volume by itself.

The book is a panorama novel about the Cossacks, that savage Turko-Russian people who led peasant revolts in the seventeenth century but thought better of it later and became the peasants' hated oppressors. "And Quiet Flows the Don," you may remember, introduces us to the unquiet inhabitants of Tartarsk, a Cossack village on the Don River in southern Russia, during the first years of the present century. The chief characters are a black-a-vised young trooper, Gregor Melekhov, and his parents, wife, mistress, and friends. The Cossacks, like pit dogs, were bred to a warlike passion, and their peace resembled other people's wars. War came too: first the World War against the Germans and Austrians (which has now, of course, been resumed) and later the revolution and civil war.

"The Don Flows Home to the Sea," a larger and firmer book, picks up the thread along toward the early days of 1918 and ends in 1921, as the Red cavalry scours the last bands of fugitive Cossacks from the Don districts. In between, by choice or necessity, Gregor has served with Reds and Whites and Reds again, commanded a Cossack division, and joined the refugees pouring down to the Black Sea. Eight years of fighting and he's home once more, marked for death by the Reds, his village burned and his family all but wiped out.

Gregor is not a mercenary. His defeat, like the defeat of the other Cossacks, is rooted in the fact that he can't reconcile himself to either the Reds or the Whites. He tries to serve "the people," but "the people," to him, are the Cossacks and their women, not peasants or Jews. He is a Cossack nationalist, an individualist, and a believer in "the people's" right to govern themselves. All three tenets, in the society he faces, are tending to disappear.

I have a hunch that despite its great themes and enormous scope, "The Silent Don" doesn't belong among the top novels of the period. The character treatment is very rough work with a dry brush, the themes—perhaps because he confines himself too much to historical fact—never roll up into a climax commensurate with the scale of the book, and the major emotions you might expect from so huge a work somehow slip away through the meshes of the plain, open, varicolored, extrovert writing. This book is at the opposite pole from Dostoevski, and it helps to measure the almost complete right-about in Russian literature during a scant hundred years.

After that has been said, I think we can call "The Silent Don" one of the great adventure stories, a rushing, thunderous (I don't mean blood-and-thunderous) chronicle with rather serious trimmings. The author puts in everything: a pregnant woman who is trampled to death by her neighbors, two hair-raising childbirths, abortion, typhus, mass rape and mass execution, torture, flight, pursuit, and two or three dozen skirmishes and battles. Oddly enough, after the first few scenes, it isn't very harrowing, perhaps because the writing does not carry much emotional weight but partly, too, because these Cossacks who are doing their barbarous job still seem to us almost radiantly human as against the later Nazis and Communists and their calculated, neural cruelties. It's an intensely readable book, pretty well organized, and well written in a slightly old-fashioned way, and the author doesn't seem to be at all worried about toeing the Communist line. The translation is clear and competent, though sometimes almost too British-middle-class for the material.

FREDERIC PROKOSCH's new book, "The Skies of Europe," runs to a mere five hundred pages, but it strikes

"I'm sure Baby's in here somewhere."

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But is it?

Where will he and his buddies go in that town overrun with soldiers? Where will they eat and sleep? What can the community do to give them relaxation and entertainment?

• • •

One of the forgotten problems in any high-speed scheme of national defense is how to provide for the soldier and sailor off duty.

Within the camps and naval stations the services themselves have excellent facilities. But in the surrounding cities and towns the problem is acute and difficult.

Many of the newer army camps are located far from the larger centers. Into towns of 1,000 to 5,000 population may come as many as 3,000 men on a single evening. Where are they to go? How is the community to provide for them, to see that they get the wholesome food and entertainment that all of us would like them to have?

To meet this emergency all the "service agencies" of the last war have joined forces. The Y. M. C. A., the National Catholic Community Service, the Salvation Army, the Y. W. C. A., the Jewish Welfare Board and the National Travelers Aid Association have combined to form the United Service Organizations—known as the U. S. O. Differences of race and creed have been forgotten; lesser distinctions have been subordinated to the idea of united service.

How can you help? The U. S. O. is raising approximately eleven million dollars to finance its program of leisure-time aid to the men in service. This is your opportunity to do your bit for national defense. Give generously to the U. S. O.

How will the money be used? In maintaining 360 U. S. O. clubs. The government is building the club houses themselves. What is required now is money to operate them.

How and where shall you give? To the local committee that has charge of your city's part in this national drive. No matter how much or how little you feel you can give, send it today to your local chairman or to National U. S. O. Headquarters, Empire State Building, New York.

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ne as a remarkable novel despite this andicap of brevity. You may notice in t, too, a more or less pronounced evolu- ion away from the author's method as isplayed from "The Asiatics" right on hrough to "Night of the Poor," a ıethod that created the effect of what sychiatrists call a "fugue"—an imagi- ary journey undertaken by a patient in ome twilight state. It was, I think, this eripatetic dream logic that gave Mr. 'rokosch's first two novels their peculiar motional suggestiveness and came un- omfortably close to achieving hollow- ess in "Night of the Poor." The new ook, too, is picaresque, but handled in way that brings characters and events ıuch more distinctly into the focus of veryday life.

The story carries a young American vriter named Philip back and forth cross Europe—Paris, Munich, an Aus- ian town, Barcelona in the Spanish ivil War, a small French town, Flo- ence, Monte Carlo, Marseilles, and so orth—during the two years before Sep- ember, 1939. Philip is a slight variation n the author's now-standard hero-as- pectator, whose contemplative charac- er is usually so firmly fixed that any pos- ıve act of his—a kiss, a blow—seems ıintly surprising. He encounters a hein- usly beautiful Ruthenian girl, an old- chool Austrian noblewoman, Ignace ıe Burgundian (probably the author's rst sizable comic character, and a lulu), redoubtable Spanish soldier, and a Mu- ıch family under Hitler, among others, ıd in some longish didactic passages he ıuses on Europe, America, life, death, ıe future of man, and other matters. erhaps, in effect, Mr. Prokosch is giv- g us his nostalgic farewell to the Eu- ope that was, in a series of vignettes dis- ıguished for their delicate observation, ıe character engraving, and precise, ghly varied detail. I confess that things emed to me rather implausible at times, at I found some of the ideas cloudy, ıd that much of the subject matter oked faded. Then, too, I don't pre- nd to understand all the ins and outs Mr. Prokosch's symbols. Even so, The Skies of Europe" is a very respect- le novel, and a fascinating one too.

ELIZABETH BOWEN, who wrote "The Death of the Heart," has just ought out a collection of nineteen ort stories, "Look at All Those Roses," English and Irish themes: loony omen (I counted three), a crippled ung man's bid for love, a London usemaid during the bombings, and so . Several of the pieces are cleverish just off the commercial, others ap-

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pear to have been rewritten until they're a trifle bony. You will, however, find at least a half-dozen sound stories in the book. Understandably, Miss Bowen, who is Irish herself, makes more effective use of Irish diction than she does of chopped, suburban-English jargon. "The Tommy Crans," for example, is a glittery, magical little atmospheric piece of a childhood happening, and "Summer Night," a profound short tale about an Irish factory manager, his mistress, and an amateur philosopher and his deaf sister, is something else again, quite up to Miss Bowen's best work, and very close to anybody's best.

—VINCENT MCHUGH

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WILMA ROGERS, by Sophia Engstrand. Having plotted the career of a school teacher in "Miss Munday," Miss Engstrand has tried to do her duty by a librarian in much the same way. Unfortunately, it all sounds wooden and forced. Librarians probably have a tough time of it, and some of them are doubtless passionately attached to their fine profession, but they don't necessarily make good subjects for novels.

LANCE, by Edward F. Haskell. A weirdly inexpert and serious-minded tractarian novel. The theme is the importance, to the world, of social science, which—in the hands of "multicultural" scientists—will save us all from war, economic disaster, and the catastrophes of nationalism. Now and then Mr. Haskell argues his points persuasively, but in general the theme is too obtrusive and his characters are preposterous.

THE BATTLERS, by Kylie Tennant. A novel about Australian hoboes, migrant laborers who follow the fruit crops or any other job from place to place and, when there are no jobs, live on dole rations or on what they can beg or steal. Picturesque, amusing, and interesting, both because the locale is strange and the people are real.

GENERAL

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, by Virginia Cowles. Personal history by a Boston girl who went to Spain in 1936 and covered most of the important ensuing European events (and personages) for the London *Sunday Times* and other newspapers. Colorful, sensible, shrewd about people, and altogether one of the best of the corre-

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spondents' memoirs. Lots of new material. You might try this when you've finished with Mr. Shirer's "Berlin Diary."

EMBROIDERED GAUZE, by Eloise Talcott Hibbert. Biographies of ten extraordinary Chinese women—empresses, courtesans, poets, beauties, concubines, and so on—who flourished during the last two thousand years. A beguiling review, done with insight, charm, and distinction. Illustrated.

NO LIFE FOR A LADY, by Agnes Morley Cleaveland. Straight-from-the-shoulder autobiography of a likable pioneer woman who grew up in the New Mexico cattle country in the eighties. Topnotch Americana, honestly and entertainingly told. Good pictures by Edward Borein. End-leaf map.

LOW ON THE WAR, by David Low. The title is no pun; Britain's famous newspaper artist seems to be rather high on the war in these 143 cartoons, which cover international events since 1939. Some wrong guesses, of course. Many of the pictures have appeared in the New York *Times*. Pithy introduction by the author.

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS: 1940, by Whitney H. Shepardson and William O. Scroggs. This excellent annual résumé shows how American relations with Canada, the Pan-American bloc, Europe, and the Far East affected our domestic policies in a critical year. Readable and authoritative, though perhaps understandably less dispassionate than some of the earlier volumes. Maps and appendices.

THE NINE DAYS WONDER, by John Masefield. Soberly dramatic, day-by-day account of the operations that rescued most of the B.E.F. and many French troops from the Dunkerque beaches last year, plus five occasional lyrics. A moving pamphlet by the British Poet Laureate. Photographs.

GERMANY THE AGGRESSOR THROUGHOUT THE AGES, by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. An English historian arraigns the Germans as habitual violators of the peace of Europe since 113 B. C. A factual historical sketch, not too oversimplified, and probably no news to Hitler. Introduction by Sir Thomas H. Holland. Maps, seven in color.

THE COAST OF MAINE, by Samuel Chamberlain. The Maine you've always wanted to see and never quite been able to catch all in one place, laid out for you here in more than

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

DESIGN FOR MURDER, by Percival Wilde. Ten people weekending in Connecticut play one of those murder games with the usual result—a lady gets what's coming to her. The remaining members of the party spend the rest of the night trying to solve the case. An intelligently plotted story, and the author makes some sound observations about the reactions of fictional characters to murder.

MURDER AT LIBERTY HALL, by Allan Clutton-Brock. Scrope House School, an institution of learning where the pupils are encouraged to express themselves, has an outbreak of pyromania, and one of the clever little rascals is suspected of playing with matches. This story, which starts out to be very funny, fades away into almost nothing. Pleasant in an aggravating way.

THE CORPSE COMES ASHORE, by John Mersereau. A rich New Yorker is shot and his body is found on the beach of Golfo Grande, in a South American country. Two of the major passions, love and money, are the motifs in this tense, exciting mystery. For frustrated readers who pine for adventure.

THREE FAMOUS MURDER NOVELS. A bit of understatement by the publishers, as this volume includes three colossal, stupendous, and hair-raising books. They are: "Before the Fact," by Francis Iles; "Trent's Last Case," by E. C. Bentley; and "The House of the Arrow," by A. E. W. Mason. There is also a foreword by Bennett Cerf, who made the selection. Mr. Cerf is a very clever monkey about such things.

• •

EASTPORT, Me., Thursday.—I had a call yesterday afternoon from Officer Sennett of the Canadian Mounted Police. He offered his services in case any of our young people are lost in the woods or should any other emergency occur. Since he is stationed on the island for the summer, I certainly hope that no one will be lost. However, such things have happened, and it is good to know there is someone who can be called upon in case of emergencies. Officer Sennett boards with the gentleman who looks after our pump engine, Mr. Murray Johnson, so he will not be hard to find.—*Eleanor Roosevelt in the World Telegram.*

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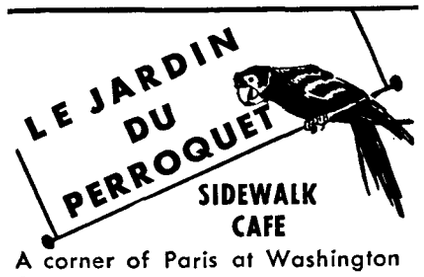

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